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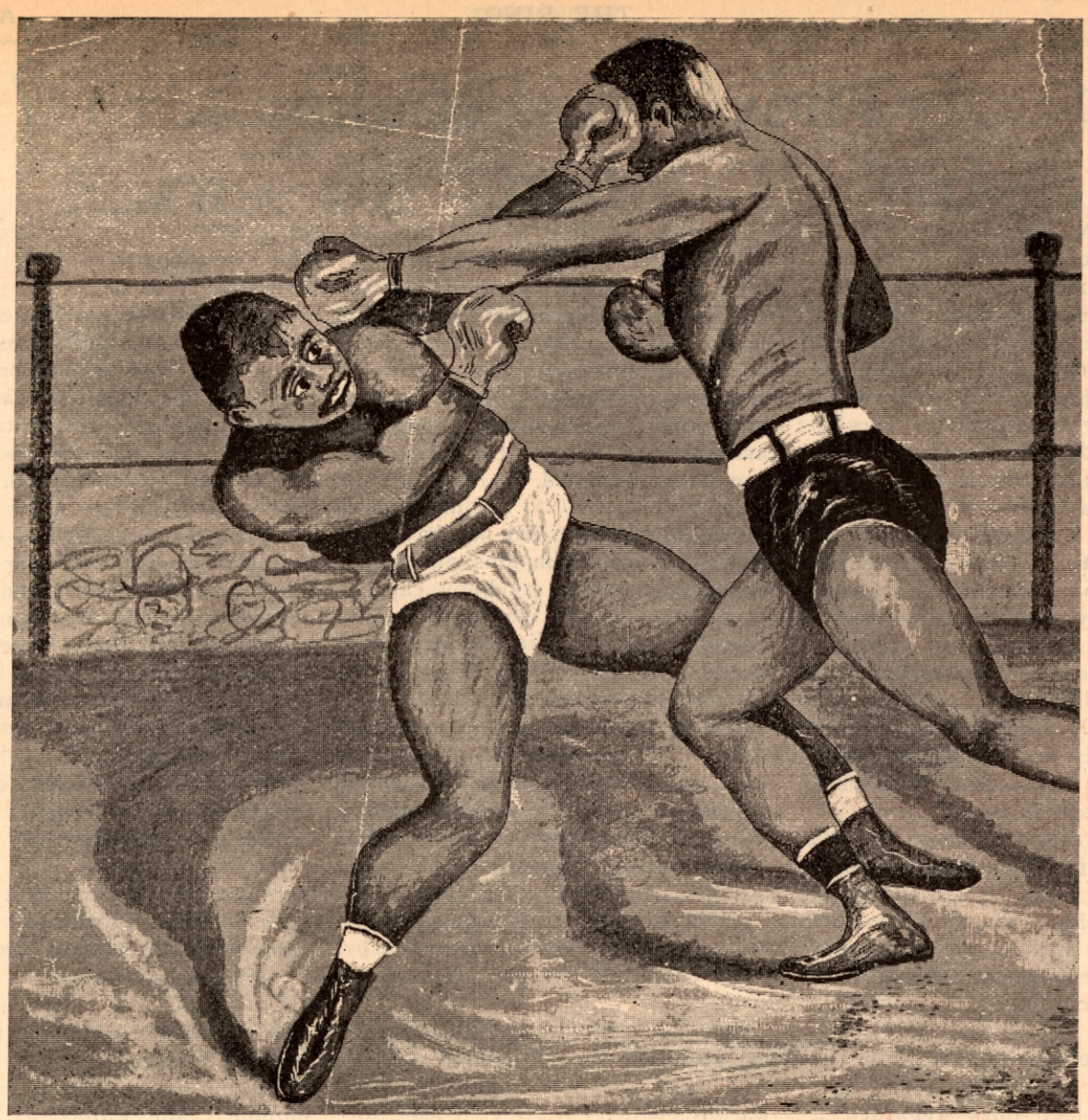

Scene in the Combat Between Joe Wolcott and Scaldy Bill at Maspeth, L. I.

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They Are Peculiar

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

WOMEN are peculiar. Which is not exactly an original statement, nor a new discovery. But it does bear repetition, since you find it out anew every time you come into contact with the so-called weaker sex.

I remember once when I was so young that I did not even realize that they were the mysterious beings they are, what an awful mess I got into--but, no; that will not do for an example. Now that I am married, it is just as well to avoid unnecessary confessions. They only lead to necessary ones later on.

Anyway, there is no denying that they are peculiar.

There was Dora Raymond, who used to preside over the issuing of wrong numbers from the office switchboard of the Planet before she agreed to take a job as supervisor of the destinies of one hopeful young man. She was an attractive little miss, good-humored, and somehow the sort that you could not help picturing with a clean, white apron on attending to the inside workings of a comfortable flat.

Most of the cub reporters on the Planet—and a not insignificant number of the older ones—regarded a period of adoration for Dora as a necessary part of their apprenticeship. It was a strange feature of office life during her reign at the switchboard, that the younger workers in the ranks of journalism found it necessary every time they used the telephone to go personally to the golden-haired doll and deliver at first hand the information that they wanted such and such a number. What they really wanted was a smile that was as cheery and as wholesome as the sunshine of spring and a word or two on matters not strictly in the realm of business.

However, it did no one any harm and it kept Dora pretty well supplied with candy and flowers. So all was well.

At that time I was the goat who covered boxing for the Planet, which would have been a fairly good job only for four things. They were fighters, managers, promoters and fans.

But acquaintance with boxers let me in on the inside of Dora's affairs of the heart and it served also to confirm the knowledge I had already gained that women, after all, were peculiar.

There was a lightweight doing some fairly good battling around the second-rate clubs at the time of which I write; a clean-cut, manly youngster who did his boxing under the name of Young Disraeli. He was not the usual type of professional. His face was unmarked by the heavy puffiness that comes after long sieges of boxing; his ears were of normal thickness; his nose was unflattened.

He seemed to me to be out of place in the ring, for he did not have the stuff of which champions are made. He was just a fairly good boy, capable of entertaining the fans with a reasonably clever exhibition. And that was all.

I could not understand why he was following such a profession until one night Bill Toole, who ran the Native A. C., told me about him. He was a law student at a local college and he found that his boxing ability provided a good way of working his way through.

"Don't use that in the paper," Bill cautioned me. "He's pretty touchy about having it known what he is doing."

Then I knew that the information was true, for the story was a good press yarn and would give the boy valuable publicity if he let it leak into print. However, I respected the confidence, but the knowledge that I was the possessor of a semi-secret about him made me take more interest in his doings than I ordinarily do in the goings-on of second raters.

One night I was walking up Broadway after having given the dope over the telephone about a card that finished with a quick knockout. The theatres were just letting out and the crowds swarmed like an unloosed river into the street.

I stopped at a corner cigar store to replenish my store of cigarettes and coming out I saw a couple entering a taxi in front of a theatre two doors away. The pair was composed of Dora Raymond and Young Disraeli.

"Hah! Hah!" quoth I to myself. "So that's how the wind blows. Well, she could do lots worse."

Then I resumed my walk and before I reached home had forgotten all about it.

But next afternoon, when I arrived at the office, there were several telephone call memoranda on my desk, initialed, "D. R." and naturally that recalled to me the episode of the evening before. So I strolled around to the switchboard to josh Dora a bit about it.

"Well, how are you getting along with Young Disraeli?" I asked in that light, easy tone of banter that I always assume on such occasions.

"With whom?" countered Dora, blankly. She was always grammatical in her speech. Well, nearly always.

"With Young Disraeli—the young fellow I saw you coming out of the Shelburne Theatre with last night," I responded firmly. I was not going to be bluffed out of my little joshing by a plea of ignorance.

"Oh! You mean Arthur Bergir," she said, brightly. "Why do you call him Young Disraeli?"

"Why," I answered unwittingly, "that's the name he fights under."

"Fights!" she snorted. "You must think that everyone is a fighter just because you see so many of them. He's nothing of the sort. He's a law student and his name is Arthur Bergir. I think I should know."

Then I put my foot in it worse. I tried to lie out of it for the sake of Young Disraeli.

"Well, maybe I was mistaken," I mumbled, and walked away.

"Maybe you were," Dora answered as I left, but I could gather from her tone that the beans were spilt.

Next time I saw Dora I knew they were.

"I owe you an apology;" she said.

(*Continued on page* 5)

The Last Word in a Billiard and Bowling Institution

Rational Recreation, Inc.

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One World's Champion Who Offered No Excuse for Losing His Title

By FRANK O'CONNELL

HOW many world's champions have you heard of who lost their titles without making a squawk? Just try to recall, if you can, just one. From time immemorial it has been the custom of a beaten champion to claim that he was robbed by the referee if it was a decision contest; or if he was knocked out, then it was something else that prevented him from holding his laurels.

There is just one whom we can remember who gave all the credit to his rival and it was a referee's decision which took his crown from him. He was a great fighter in his day and what made him all the greater as a man he admitted that he had been cleanly beaten in spite of the fact that his friends were setting up an awful howl.

That was George Lavigne, the famous "Saginaw Kid."

This unique thing happened at Buffalo when Lavigne defended his lightweight championship against Frank Erne. The Kid was one of the greatest sluggers of his inches, if not the greatest that ever stepped into a ring. Erne, in his prime, was about as clever a boxer as we have ever had in his division.

The Kid, a smashing, rushing fighter, kept boring in. He never backed up, but the wonderful defense of Erne nullified all his hard work. The challenger blocked, side stepped and ducked away from Lavigne's hardest shots. In the meantime Erne was jabbing away, hooking and upper cutting with perfect timing. The fight went the limit and then came the decision which cost the Kid his crown.

Billy Lavigne, the Kid's brother, was speechless with rage and didn't find his tongue until they reached the dressing room. Then he let out a roar like a lion.

"The crooks; the dirty robbers We've been jobbed," he shouted.

The Kid, who was a very quiet chap, was sponging his cuts and bruises over at the sink. When Billy saw that he was making no impression on the Kid he got more excited than ever. He ran over to the sink and grabbed the Kid by the shoulder.

"George, George, that decision don't go. Don't you realize we've been robbed?" yelled Billy.

"Take a tumble to yourself, Billy," calmly replied the now ex-champion, "that chap kicked the stuffing out of me."

"He did not," roared the infuriated Billy, "that referee——"

"Shut up," said the Kid, giving his brother a good shake. "That crowd out there that saw me licked will think I'm a bad loser if you don't close your trap. Shut up," and Billy did.

That was the action of a sportsman.

(*Continued on page* 13)

They Are Peculiar

(*Continued from page* 4)

"That boy you saw me with that night is Young Disraeli—a prize fighter." She flashed scorn as she spoke, but the defiance soon faded. She almost sobbed as she continued, "Just think. He welters in blood, hitting other men with all his force and beating them and being beaten by them. Oh, I don't see how any man can do such a thing. It's horrible. Just horrible."

Of course, I tried to smooth things over by telling her that it was not as bad as she thought, that no one really got badly hurt and that, after all, it was a pretty game thing for a boy to face the chance of getting a severe trouncing just to get an education that would make him worthy of her. Even that last did not register, so I finally stopped and mentally cursed myself for a blundering idiot.

Spring, the season of loves and of outdoor boxing, came along and by that time I had almost forgotten the woes I had caused by my unwitting revealing of Young Disraeli's secret.

My memory was refreshed one day when I received a notice that the semi-final of the card scheduled for the following Saturday afternoon at one of the local ball parks had been changed. "Ruddy Morse has hurt his hand and Young Disraeli has been substituted for him against Eddie Turlow," the announcement read.

I went to the park, as usual, and found that the telegraph linesmen were having trouble with the wires. The chief informed me that everything would be fixed in time for the main bout, but meantime, if I wanted to get any early stuff into the office, I would have to phone it.

At the conclusion of the semi-final I made my way to the box office and got the sporting desk on the phone.

"This is the boxing man, Miss Raymond," I said to the operator. "Put me on with the sport desk in a hurry will you?"

That operation concluded, and the preliminary explanations over, I started to dictate.

"This is an ad to the story to come," I recited. "The rest will be wire stuff.

"Eddie Turlow handed a scientific lacing to Young Disraeli in the ten round semi-final," I ran on monotonously. "The boy who was substituted for Ruddy Morse was not up to the latter's standard, for he was clearly out-classed all the way. Although he made a good, game battle of it, he never had a chance.

"Turlow was master at every stage of the bout and he demonstrated to the satisfaction of the spectators that he could beat Disraeli every time they met."

"That's all," I said, but before I had a chance to ring off a feminine voice cut in on the wire. It was Dora.

"I think you're horrid to say such things about Arthur," she informed me. "I know he must have won. He's the best fighter in the world. You must be a friend of that other man, whoever he is."

Then her voice lost some of its crisp, scolding quality. It became solicitous.

"He isn't hurt, is he?" she asked.

"No! He's all right," I responded.

"Would you mind giving him a message for me," Dora went on and when I assured her that it would be a pleasure, she dictated it. "Say that Miss Raymond said that he might telephone her at her home this evening if he cares to."

Yes, indeed, women are peculiar. I was just thinking that a few minutes ago when I received the heavily engraved announcement of the marriage of Dora and Arthur Bergir.

Shadows of the Past—Willie Ritchie

No. XVIII

By FRANK E. COULTRY

LONG before Coue or his theories were ever heard of there was a tall, skinny kid who used to haunt the ringsides at every boxing match he could get to in San Francisco. Still, this kid's theories of mental suggestion, even if he did not know it had the same basic foundations as those of the Frenchman's. To himself he kept constantly saying, "Some day I'm going to be champion; some day I'm going to be champion; some day I'm going to be champion." And, lo and behold, one day he did!

Whether his constant harping on this had anything to do with the matter may sound like a lot of bunk. It surely did, though, for it finally got him a chance—one chance in a million—for a battle which led directly to his becoming the leader in his class. That was Willie Ritchie.

Ritchie surely appreciated the value of advertising and he had the moral courage and tenacity of purpose to stick to his guns when the Frisco fans considered him a "Nut" who was the butt of their jokes.

Whenever a lightweight fight was on at Dreamland this same Willie Ritchie, a four-rounder who had never set the ring on fire, would climb through the ropes and be introduced to the fans. It soon became a most familiar feature for the announcer to raise his hand for silence and bellow:

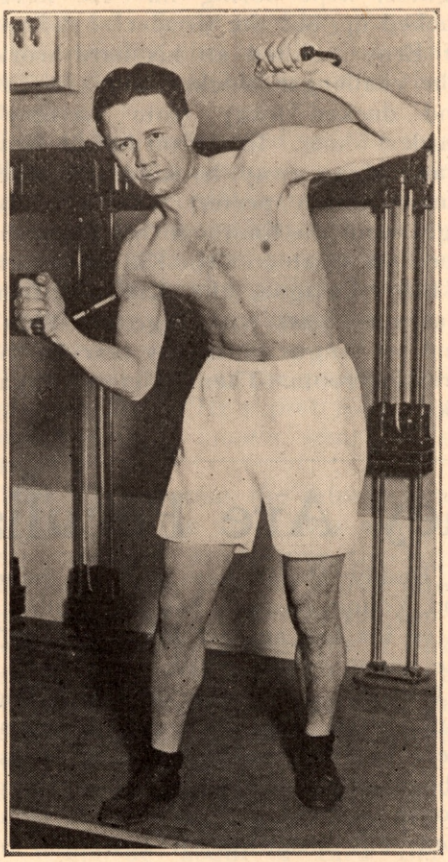
"Willie Ritchie challenges the winner."

In a short time this was taken to be a great joke by the crowd which booed and jeered him. Finally it got so that such a Bedlam would start that the announcer could hardly make himself heard.

This did not discourage Willie, although he afterward confessed that many a time he went home and had a good cry to himself before he went to sleep. He was a glutton for punishment, game to the core, and took the jeers and jibes in the same way as he took the jabs and pokes later in his career without wincing outwardly.

"Even if I did cry after one of those booing matches, the next morning would find me forcing myself to go right on with my campaign to get a real chance."

Just as constant dripping of water will wear a hole in a rock Willie's tenacity of purpose bore fruit. The fans laughingly alluded to him as the boy who had an idea that he was going to become champion. However, his engagements began to get a little better. Some promoters admired his persistence and others considered him such a pest that they would stack him up against some one they figured would knock his block off.



Willie Ritchie Training for a "Come-Back"

Outside of the boxing world there is a lesson for any boy in this lad's unfaltering perseverance. Old Dame Fortune likes a perservering fighter and finally she gives him his chance. And this chance resulted in a chain of circumstances which is one of the real romances of the ring.

Ad Wolgast and Freddie Welsh had been matched for a lightweight championship at Tom McCarey's arena. At the last minute, almost, Wolgast was taken down with appendicitis. Uncle Tom was frothing at the mouth and tearing his hair in anguish. He did not want to call his show off.

Some one recalled to McCarey this chap Willie Ritchie who was always challenging the winner might be willing to step in as he was forever training. Any old port in a storm, so McCarey made the best of it. He got in touch with Willie and asked him if he would take Wolgast's place on such short notice.

Ritchie jumped at the opportunity and he was so excited over the prospects that he hardly slept a wink on his trip from San Francisco. He was a pretty bedraggled looking person when he reported to McCarey but it was too late to make a change then.

Willie didn't get the decision but he managed to stick the twenty round route with the experienced and foxy Freddie. This boosted his stock overnight and on the strength of his showing against Welsh he made an Eastern tour which was both successful and profitable.

When he returned to the Pacific Coast he managed to inveigle Wolgast into a four round bout and he made such a good impression that he was matched to meet the champion on Thanksgiving Day. Willie, as most of you will recall, won the title on a foul and became the world's lightweight champion.

Willie took the winning of the crown as a matter of course. When he was a mere ham-and-egger he had the conviction stored away in his brain that some day he would be the king of the lightweights and he was apparently not surprised that Fate had carved the way for him. He was very matter-of-fact about it and not at all egotistical when he remarked "I always thought that some day I would be lightweight champion."

They didn't make them much gamer than Willie, and he had sense enough to realize that this was a big asset in the boxing game. A good illustration of this is what occurred just before his fight with Joe Rivers, the tough Mexican. When asked what he thought of the bout he said:

"Well, I am game and I don't think Joe likes to take it very well. I will beat him on that score."

At one stage of the bout it looked as if Rivers would surely be a winner but Ritchie's gameness eventually prevailed and his prediction came out true.

When Willie became champion he made the most of it. There was no one

(*Continued on page* 13)

Gallant Jack Dempsey

Strong Points in the Great Nonpareil's Career as Told by His Old Pal, Jack Skelly

By JACK SKELLY

IF you ask me whom I consider the greatest representative fighter of the modern prize ring I would pick my old pal, Jack Dempsey," said Jack Skelly, last night.

"Dempsey was to my mind the finest type of an artistic ring general that I ever saw in action. He was wonderfully scientific, as game as a pebble and always honorable in and out of the ring. There never was the slightest suggestion of a fake or a stall in any of his fights. He always fought to win, and never mixed up in any questionable deals.

"Probably no man in the world knew Jack Dempsey better than I did. As a boy I worked alongside of him and Jack McAuliffe, in the old cooperage in Brooklyn, and always found him a fair, fearless friend, true to the core.

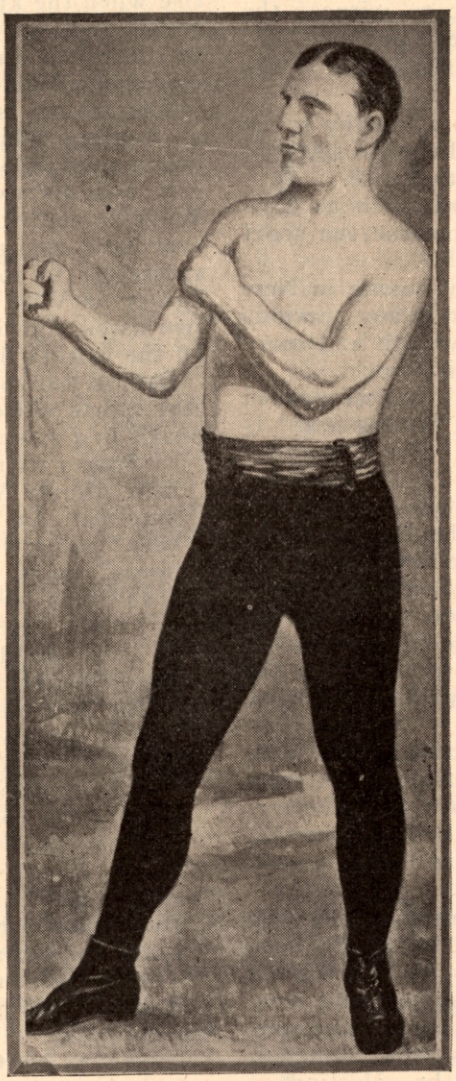
"In his early career he was a light hearted, playful companion, always ready for a lark and a joke, and never aggressive or mussy. After his unfortunate defeat by Bob Fitzsimmons, he changed greatly. He grew sad and melancholy, and was never the same cheerful fellow. That defeat broke poor Dempsey's heart, and sent him in sorrow to an early grave.

"The true, inside story of the Dempsey-Fitzsimmons fight has never been all told, and now I will relate it to you briefly. Away back in 1890, Jack McAuliffe was matched to meet English Jimmy Carroll before the old California A. C.

"At that time Jack Dempsey was the boxing instructor at the club, and McAuliffe asked him to act as his principal second in the coming mill. Dempsey, of course, could not refuse to help his old pal out so it was announced broadly that Dempsey was going behind McAuliffe.

"Carroll immediately raised strenuous objections to Dempsey being in McAuliffe's corner and appealed to the Board of Directors to put a stop to Dempsey's intended action, on the ground that he was an employee of the club, and as such had no right to second anyone in a contest before the club. Major McLoughlin, managing director of the club and a multi-millionaire, sided with Carroll and demanded that Dempsey step aside. The independent and fearless Dempsey refused to obey Major McLoughlin's orders and some hot words passed between them.

"When McAuliffe faced Carroll in the ring, the gallant Jack was in his old friend's corner. It was a hot, fierce, close battle and McAuliffe's chances to win seemed very slim, in the early part of the fight especially.



Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil

In fact, McAuliffe's backer, Dick Roche, offered to sell all the thousands he had on his man for a mere song, two or three times during the struggle.

"McAuliffe had not trained faithfully for the severe contest and the tide appeared to be against him. But Brave Jack Dempsey was in his corner working like a beaver, giving good advice and cheering his old friend on. It was a long, hard battle, and McAuliffe won by knocking Carroll out in the forty-seventh round by a superhuman effort.

"Major McLoughlin was indeed a very sore man, after the defeat of his pet, Carroll, on whom he dropped several thousand dollars, and he swore he would be revenged on Dempsey. So he and Carroll secretly got hold of Fitzsimmons and matched him against Dempsey for the world's middleweight championship. Fitz was kept under cover and trained on the quiet. Poor Dempsey never got a peek at him until he met him in the ring at New Orleans, and lost, after a terrible pounding of 13 rounds. McLoughlin and Carroll got even with game Dempsey.

"Let me tell you right here that Jack Dempsey had no business in the ring with Fitzsimmons or any other 154-pound man. The gallant Nonpareil, as we all loved to call him, was never in the middleweight division. In fact, he was hardly a welterweight. For most of his fights he could do 138 or 140 pounds and be right, but he was certainly a most ambitious fellow.

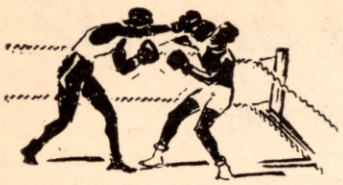
"Why, he even wanted to jump into the heavyweight division and fight Jake Kilrain, when John L. Sullivan was sick and helpless in Boston, in 1888. If my old pal Dempsey had fought in the welterweight class, as he should, he would probably never have been defeated, and would be alive and well today. He was certainly the peer of any man of his weight in the world, when he was good and right.

"Dempsey, however, was never what you would call a strong fellow. He suffered considerably from catarrh of the stomach from his early manhood.

"The Nonpareil was not a big glove fighter, and seldom knocked his opponent out as he did not have the power, or 'kick,' in his blows. His great skill was in bare knuckle or skin glove battling.

"That old expression of a boxer going around an opponent like a cooper around a barrel describes his style pretty well. He fought many men over his weight and far more rugged, but he went at them carefully and scientifically and bled them at every vital part above the belt into weakness. He was, indeed, a skillful surgeon in the ring. Skin glove fighting was the severest style of milling.

"Dempsey could chop and cut his man to pieces with skintight gloves.



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING

Two Years of the Walker Law

IT now is just two years since the enactment of the Walker Boxing Law by which the fistic game in this State assumed a legalized status. In that period the growth of the sport in every respect has been little short of phenomenal. The Empire State has become the mecca for boxers from every country in the world. Innumerable champions have fought within the State, mostly within New York City. Titles have changed hands several times and in the course of this two-year period millions of dollars have been paid by the public to witness the varied and almost countless bouts have been put on.

Two things stand out prominently as the effect of the law:

First, that legalized boxing can become a healthy sport, can enjoy the confidence of the public and can prosper not only in a financial sense, but in an idealistic sense.

Second, that a competent boxing board, such as New York State has had at all times, can supervise the sport in a high class manner.

Taken now in its present healthy State, boxing in New York has advanced more in two years than in any previous ten years in the history of the Commonwealth and more than in the previous fifty years in the entire world.

And so it seems to THE RING, in view of these proved facts, a bit incongruous to read that a "boxing war" is about to take place in New York City.

There will be no war.

There will be no war because there is no necessity of one. Up to date the Boxing Commission in the Empire State has been singularly free of politics. There is no indication that things will change in this respect. Some have been endeavoring to inject a political angle into the status of boxing because of the advent, within recent months, of sterner competition for the pioneer promoter of big events in New York City under the Walker law, Tex Rickard.

But anyone who has the least inkling of what is going on; anyone not so prejudiced as to purposely avoid facts for fancies, must realize that in New York City there is plenty of room for each and every one of the big clubs that now are established provided such clubs are ruled over by men who are actuated by legitimate aims.

There is money to be made in the promotion of boxing in New York City, a good deal of money. That has been proved often enough. In the two years of the Walker Law, Tex Rickard, staging some of the largest and most important bouts of the last decade, has made handsome returns. Other promoters have done as well, some, of course, have done worse, but naturally the selection of bouts, opponents, etc., etc., is a matter of a species of genius that all promoters cannot hope to possess, and in which Tex Rickard is a marvel.

Finally, it is assured, is proved in fact, that despite honest mistakes—but *honest* ones—the New York State Boxing Board has continually aided the growth of a great sport. It did so by eliminating politics and sticking to business. Let politics creep in and this wonderful growth will cease.

Those who lately have entered the boxing sport have no idea of starting a war. Those who have a desire to enter the field in New York City had best forget such a thing. Let promoters who wish to enter the field to make legitimate profits from boxing, look upon Tex Rickard, as an example of a promoter who held high ideals in boxing, stuck to them, played the game honestly, and made money, very much money and still will make very much money.

Defeated Gladiator the Hero

SELDOM is the ring treated to a spectacle of a popular fistic hero winning a world's title and yet being shunted into the background by the loser. Such, however, was the case after the Wilde-Villa fight in which the badly battered victim was the hero in defeat while the popular Filipino, whose aggressiveness has won for him a horde of admirers, walked out of the ring, with a world's championship, practically ignored by the throng.

What could have made the spectators, almost to a man, rise when the knockout of Wilde took place in the seventh round, and pay such wonderful tribute to a fallen hero as to remain in almost absolute silence for nearly ten minutes while Wilde was being revived.

The answer is simple. It was the wonderful exhibition of courage which Jimmy Wilde displayed, an attribute which ring followers adore in a fighter.

It was his wonderfully courageous spirit that enabled Wilde to withstand one of the most terrific beatings we ever have seen a champion receive, that caused the 28,000 spectators to forget momentarily that there was such a fighter as Villa at the Polo Grounds, or that this plucky, two-fisted, fighting demon from the Far East, had carried off the world's flyweight championship.

Damon Runyon, one of the most versatile and by far the best sports writer in America to-day, summed up the editorials in a splendid way when he said:

> "Sports writers viewed the last stand of the gallant little Jimmy Wilde with varied feelings. The coldly practical saw in it the feeble effort of an old "has-been" going the same way that thousands of old "has-beens" have gone, that thousands of other old "has-beens" will go.
>
> "Others saw it in a more sentimental light. George B. Underwood, boxing writer for the New York Evening Telegram, in his very splendid story of the finish of the Welshman is this sort of appealing writer: He clearly expresses the reason for the tribute paid to Wilde in the following wonderful lines:
>
> *"The tragedy lay in the spectacle of seeing a little old man of the ring, only the shade of his former fighting self, his fistic blade blunted to the dullness of a rusty old scythe, playing the part of an animated punching bag for round after round, battered unceasingly, monotonously from pillar to post, yet facing an inevitable Waterloo with a courage that was sublime."*

This same sentiment is expressed in the following fine editorial, "Courage in The Prize Ring," written in the New York Herald.

Courage in the Prize Ring

So long as boxers will give demonstrations of courage and gameness such as were shown by Jimmy Wilde, the Welchman, in his defeat by Pancho Villa, the Filipino, so long will the sport continue to have a strong appeal in spite of its doubtful associations and frequent disappointments. Wilde's brave stand against the toll of the years and the punishment dealt out by his young opponent made the Anglo-Saxon almost as great in defeat as was the Filipino in triumph.

Many were the points for pluck which Wilde received from the crowd of 28,000 which saw him go down before Villa with colors flying, refusing to the last to avoid further punishment in a hopeless cause by throwing in a towel.

Foolhardy? Perhaps. But stands such as these make the romance which undeniably attaches to the ring.

More Praise for Old Timers

THAT raging controversy—it reached an international stage two years ago when Georges Carpentier fought Dempsey of Manassa here—as to whether our present heavyweights can hit as did the old timers, simply will not down. Georges thought he was the greatest hitter the world ever knew. Ah, but afterwards! We are incompetent to speak from a personal point of view for neither an old timer nor a modern fighter of the heavyweight (or any other division) has demonstrated in that personal sense to us. But here we have the testimony of an old timer who surely should know something about blows and their heft. He is Joe Choynski. Thus says Joe:

"Dempsey alone of all the present day fighters, knows how to hit. The others are tappers. If they barely touch an opponent they are satisfied. We old timers didn't bother about points in our time, as the boys do now.

"We didn't figure we had done much unless we knocked a man down. We hit harder in exhibitions than most of these fellows do now in regular fights."

And there you are. It seems a boxer cannot do much hitting unless he knocks his man down now and then. And yet, can it not be that our fighters are sturdier than of yore, and thus absorb punches better than did those halo bearing ring ancestors of ours?

* * * * *

Against the Back Hand Punch

THOSE who attended the Wilde-Villa fight at the Polo Grounds in New York City, saw, for the first time in many moons, one of the contestants, in this case Pancho Villa, use a back hand punch with such regularity that the manager of his rival vehemently protested its legality to Patsy Haley, the referee. Every now and then a blow is used in boxing which brings forth harsh comments from the supporters of the fighter who most is affected by its use, and every now and then such protests lead to an edict by the ring powers prohibiting the further use of such a punch.

In the case referred to, Wilde was simply bewildered by the continuous use of the back hand blow by Villa, and so effectively did Pancho use it, that David Hughes, Wilde's trainer, insisted Villa should have been disqualified.

His arguments that the punch was illegal failed to convince Patsy Haley, just as they failed to convince all fair-minded sportsmen who saw this bout, and after the unmerciful beating Wilde got, Hughes openly declared the defeat was due entirely to the foul tactics of the victor.

This unsportsmanlike statement was uncalled for. Villa was perfectly within his rights when he used the back hand punch as the blow is legal, has never been ruled out in the New York State code nor in the Marquis of Queensberry rules, hence can he used with regularity by any boxer. To say that Villa won because of its use is taking away the credit due a wonderful little boxer who outclassed his once great Welsh opponent from start to finish. The bout was no bout; it was a slaughter in which the game victim found an opponent who was far too strong and clever for him.

There is no force in a backhand blow, but it has a tantalizing effect and as such works havoc upon the receiver. There is no need for legislation against this punch and we doubt if any Boxing Board will take any recognition of protests against its use. Unlike the pivot punch, the kidney punch or rabbit punch, the backhand punch is not a dangerous blow and at best there are so few boxers able to use it effectively there is no reason to worry about it.

* * * * *

A Lean Year for Champions

THIS has been a lean year for champions. Three have gone the route that they all take sooner or later unless they retire. Somehow or other boxers who have been the king pins think that there is always one more shot left in the locker. Jack McAuliffe was one who figured it all out that he was through and for that reason he has the distinction of calling himself an "undefeated" champion.

Johnny Kilbane and Jimmy Wilde are in the same position of the pitcher that went to the well once too often. We have an idea that neither one of them thought he could win but the incentive of getting a fine competence was too much to wink at. There are a lot of folks in this world who would take a chance on fighting a Bengal tiger for what they received.

Johnny Dundee has been relieved of his crown as junior lightweight champion but that doesn't mean much. The other two affairs meant that there was a world's championship at stake. Dundee's title was really only a local affair, more or less of a courtesy thing that was donated to him by the New York State Boxing Commission.

Three champions in the boxing game have taken the skids in a short time and we wonder who will be next. It seems to be a bad year for the top liners. The shifts, though, are doing a lot for sport. Fans get tired of seeing the same performers all the time. The change is welcome.

* * * * *

The Bloomer at Shelby

THE golden-egg laying Goose, which has so abundantly supplied the champions, near champions and so near champions of fistiania with rich subsistence, that grew richer and richer these late years, has fluttered its wings, rolled its eyes and prepared for the long journey to Valhalla. The poor goose had been very methodically laying golden eggs, an egg of a certain size, weight and purity of golden hue, produced regularly as the clock.

Then, as of yore, human nature could stand it no longer. It was decided to hasten the production of the golden eggs. Some practical member of fistiania, with a deeper knowledge of fowls (not fouls!) opened the gullet of the goose and practiced forced feeding, "stuffing," a not altogether unheard of science in the poultry world around the winter holidays.

Result: more frequent production of eggs of greater weight, more golden hue. At last came a wizard who, after much thought, but perhaps no study, concluded that even the stuffing process was slow and awkward, the cause of long-delays towards golden wealth, something to be corrected forthwith.

So the goose was ripped wide open. "Herein shall we find the inexhaustible store of gold this bird has been laying in driblets these long, weary years," said the dissector.

But alas, and alack! There was but one golden egg therein. It was a big egg, but it was just ONE egg. Consternation! Calls for help! But too late!

That is the story of large purses in this country. The bloomer at Shelby was the butcher ripping open the goose.

Draw your own conclusions.

* * * * *

Legalized Boxing in Pennsylvania.

TWO of the greatest states in the East, the most populous ones, Pennsylvania and New York, now have legalized, supervised boxing to decisions. Pennsylvania has but recently come into the fold. Gov. Pinchot signed the bill without hesitancy, realizing that it was a real benefit to the commonwealth. After watching the working of the law in New York State for two years, the Pennsylvania legislators fully realized that an enactment patterned after that in the Empire State would eliminate chances of scandal and injustice in boxing heretofore conducted on a local option plan, and would at the same time bring within reach of hundreds of thousands of fans of the state, boxing conducted on a high plane.

Pennsylvania long has had boxing on a local option, and at times semi-legalized plane. It has been of uncertain growth. Now the game should prosper to its fullest maturity under the guidance of the new boxing commission.

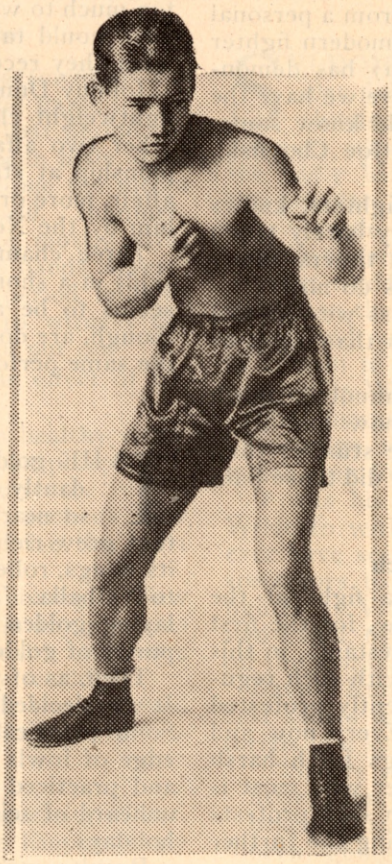
Philippines Owe Much to Great Triumvirate

SINCE the departure of Spanish rule nothing has so advanced democracy and given the world a better view of the Philippine Islands than Pancho Villa, Elino Flores and Frank Churchill," writes a resident of Manila, a subscriber to THE RING.

This praise is not over enthusiasm, either. Pancho Villa, by first capturing the American flyweight title, and then taking the world's championship crown in the same division, has put the Philippines on the boxing map, and such an achievement is, as THE RING's subscriber intimates, no mean thing at all.

Boxing long has been looked upon as one of the best advertising mediums in existence. Above all other sports it stands out as the one that appeals strongest to the world at large. Great boxing bouts have been used times without number to boost communities. Look at Goldfield, Shelby. Even though the latter was a financial failure it produced a million dollars worth of advertising.

Pancho Villa, Elino Flores and their astute manager, Frank A. Churchill, have given to the Philippines worlds of advertising without a cent of cost and the effect is being felt in that great outlying possessions of ours. The credit for bringing Villa and Flores to the front, of course, must go to Churchill. He faced discouraging prospects for two years, faced defeats that seemed insurmountable obstacles, but finally put Pancho on the American flyweight throne. Then came the defeat by Genaro. Undismayed, Churchill and Villa went after Jimmy Wilde and the world's crown, and won it. Churchill felt he had the fighter who could win and bring to the Philippines a world's title. And he was justified.



Elino Flores

Flores, a lightweight, could be a champion but for the fact that in his class are the greatest collection of boxers ever known in one division at one time.

Flores has been forced to take a back seat simply because of the plethora of stars in his class. Yet he still is one of the finest fighters ever imported to this country, and is in line for the title held by Benny Leonard as sure as was Villa in line for the title that Buff and Wilde held so proudly.

Stimulating Boxing

By AL CARSON

ONCE in a while a fellow gets an idea that bothers him so much he isn't happy till he spreads it.

Democracy in sport is mine. Fiction writers, by picturing boxers and their managers as roughnecks and crooks, have created a bad impression among the non-sporting public. There has been no effort to counteract this erroneous idea, due largely to the failure of the better element interested in sport to spread their gospel. THE RING is published just for this purpose—to spread the gospel of all that is good in boxing.

The failure of professional promoters to stimulate interest by aiding in the development of industrial athletic leagues, Boy Scout boxing, intercollegiate bouts, and recreation center—playground—settlement-house contests is short-sighted.

The failure of the A. A. U. to devote more attention to the purely rural districts instead of centering its activities in the large cities is a vital fault.

No criticism is fair without a remedy. There are 20,000 reserve officers in the United States. The reserves are intensely interested in the development of a nation of physically fit men and women. They also are interested in the formation of a reserve army, made up of fighting men, ready to step into line if needed.

Might it not be respectfully suggested to Major-General Harries, head of the Military Order of the World War; to Colonel Abercrombie, of Abercrombie & Fitch; to Major-General Bullard, and Lieutenant-Colonel Waltz, of West Point, and to the Reserve Officers' Association, that the surest way of accomplishing their end, and at the same time aiding clean boxing, would be by aiding sports?

The organized reserve could stimulate a deep interest in boxing by making it compulsory training at all camps and in all state armories.

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GREAT WHITE WAY IS NOT COMPLETE
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New World's Flyweig ht Champion Snapped By the Camera Man

Passing of Champions

By VERNON VAN NESS

THE passing of heavyweight champions always has caused a good deal of comment among fight fans. It seems more of a shock to the followers of the manly sport to see a king of the big fellows pass than to watch one of the champions in the smaller divisions slip from under his crown.

The passing of the crown from Jack Johnson to Jess Willard occasioned much gossip all around the world. Of course, one can't forget the loose talk that spread before and after the battle to the effect that it was "fixed" and that Johnson "took a flop" and there are those who even now can not forget the manner in which Jack shaded his eyes as he lay on the canvas looking up at the bright Havana sun on that April 5 afternoon, 1915.

Next after the passing of the heavyweight crown in this instance came that sanguinary battle at Toledo when Jack Dempsey rose from comparative obscurity to the championship in the course of three terrific rounds. Before either of these battles was the Jeffries-Johnson affair at Reno, Nev., on July 4, 1910, when Jeff passed his crown on to the big black fellow.

There was talk after that fight of "poisoned tea" that Jeff was supposed to have drunk. But in truth it was Johnson, plus youth, (against Jeff's age and his long retirement) that brought about the exchange of titular heads.

One of the peculiar things about the defeat of a champion is the number of stories of "fake" that always follow. And, too, there are the thousands and thousands of "inside" reasons that constantly are sprung. Bad losers try to explain their poor judgment. A few sentimental fans honestly feel that something was wrong. Of course when a champion passes the "wise ones" are most likely to be the heaviest sufferers. The betting talent usually—with few exceptions—makes the champion the favorite. And consequently when the favorite loses there is bound to be a loud squawk from the boys who bet with the idea that they had a moral cinch, so much of a cinch that they would lay odds on the champion.

One of the rudest jolts ever handed out to the betting public was in Sullivan-Corbett heavyweight title bout at New Orleans in September, 1892. John L. was a four-to-one favorite. He was the idol of the public, one of those champions who was picturesque, dominating, and, as a result, loved by the sporting public. Many a bank roll exchanged hands when Corbett won that scrap.

Corbett was a popular champion, but not the best highly esteemed—from a public standpoint—to hold the heavyweight crown. However, as champion he commanded a certain respect that was reflected in the betting odds whenever he entered the ring. Imagine, therefore, with what chagrin the layers looked upon Corbett's defeat at the hands of Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City, Nev., on St. Patrick's Day afternoon, 1897. It upset a lot of wagers and sent more than one fellow on his way with but hardly more than a thin dime.

But after a time the public took a shine to Bob and after he had displayed his wares here and there, came to the conclusion that he couldn't be whipped—as the public had concluded about Sullivan and Corbett and many another champion in other divisions before. But it is the fate of mankind to meet up with a Waterloo in the course of time. And with a fighter it is a certain fate if he keeps at the game long enough.

One day Fitz, who had been the long shot in the two and three to one betting at Carson City when the favorite, Corbett, had been knocked out, was made the favorite to defeat an upstart named Jim Jeffries and it again happened.

Jeffries won. The public was shocked, nonplused, as it were, hardly comprehending that a new champion had risen to pass among the fans. Of course in a short while Jeff was the king, and he was one of the champions upon whom the fans looked with genuine admiration. He had personality, dominated by huge bulk and a striking personal appearance.

One can't forget Charles Dana Gibson's masterpiece, the cartoon, "The Champion" in which Jeffries walked as a lord through the streets while a gang of admirers — mostly small urchins of the streets—followed in awe.

And that highly regarded champion was the one who bore into the ring in Reno just thirteen years ago the "white man's burden" and fell beneath the load, though he was a 6 to 5 favorite to beat the colored challenger.

MANAGERS, BOXERS, ATTENTION!!

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THE RING travels the world over and Reaches Every Sporting Editor's Desk

The Irony of Fate

OUR own Jack Skelly has had many a good laugh in the long period he has been following the ring game, as a boxer, ring official and writer. But he says the best laugh he ever got was on the arrival here of Georges, the Gorgeous Carpentier for his fight with Jack Dempsey.

"Georges had fifty or more trunks when he landed. He was all dolled up and was greeted by a frenzied, hero worship-mad crowd. I saw him knocked silly over at Boyle's Thirty Acres and I had to pat myself on the back to keep from choking with laughter," says Jack.

"I got my funny angle from contrast. I was around when some of the old timers used to fight twenty and thirty rounds for a couple of hundred dollars and when visiting pugilists from abroad landed flat broke and had to pose as walking advertisements for cafes and the like to keep them alive until they landed a bout.

"When I saw Georges get knocked out I said to myself:

" 'Well this is sure the irony of fate. He had lots of clothes, servants, trainers, a big reception, a million columns of press advertising and that's what comes of it.'

"After I had cried until my eyes were red and swollen, I began thinking of such fellows as poor Ned O'Baldwin who came here way back before my time, fifty odd years ago. And I thought of Jem Mace and Jem Ward when they came here and were tendered testimonials as a nice way of keeping the wolf from their doors.

"And then I laughed some more. But I stopped suddenly.

"The appalling fact came to me at last!

"Georges had collected $200,000 for it all!

"Then I laughed some more, but this laugh wasn't on Georges."

Harry Gordon Makes Rapid Strides

PROBABLY the most picturesque fighter in New York City today is Harry Gordon, the Greenwich Village youngster, who recently acquired overnight fame when he thoroughly trounced the highly touted Carl Tremaine, of Cleveland, in the ten round semi-final to the Jimmy Wilde-Pancho Villa affair.

Harry has had a varied career in his five years of ring service, and has traveled all over the world, occasionally engaging in the gentle art of fisticuffs. Originally a native of Philadelphia, he won the State Amateur Bantamweight Championship there in the year of 1918. Then he fought several preliminary bouts around Philly, without making any particularly favorable impression.

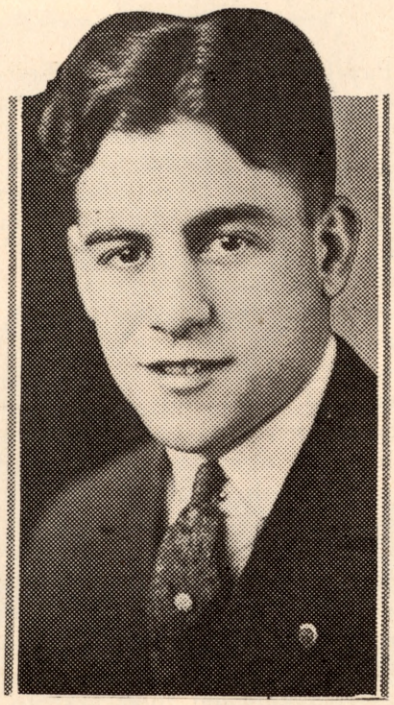
He enlisted in the United States Navy, and served three years. During that time he did frequent battling aboard battleships, and was ranked highly among the enlisted men. He won the Bantamweight Championship of the United States Navy in Madison Square Garden, on February 18, 1921, before 10,000 spectators.

After his term of enlistment expired he came to New York and settled down in the wilds of Greenwich Village. He secured the services of Joe Wagner as his mentor, and then began his upward campaign.

Gordon was still unknown to the fans when he had an opportunity to substitute for "Irish" Johnny Curtin, against Frankie Jerome in a twelve round contest in New York City. They fought twelve furious rounds, one of the best bouts witnessed around these parts, and the decision was given to Jerome. The verdict was booed for fully fifteen minutes, but Gordon was firmly established to the New York fans.

Gordon's next call was as a "pinch hitter" for Sammy Nable, against Danny Lee. He dropped Lee four times in the ninth round and easily won the award.

The next emergency bout that Gordon took part in was when his stable-mate, Jack Sharkey, was unable to go on against Danny Edwards, the colored flash from California. This was a thriller all the way, and Harry ended matters in the eleventh round when he caught Edwards with a terrific right hander on the chin and knocked him cold. He had scored several knockdowns previously. Danny fought all the top-notchers in the bantam division, meeting men like "Irish" Johnny Curtin, Frankie Jerome, Jabez White, Midget Smith, Abe Goldstein, Abe Friedman, Pancho Villa,



Harry Gordon

and Young Montreal, but had never before taken a count.

Subsequently Gordon traveled to Chicago as a filler in, and beat Mickey Brown in a good fight.

When Gordon was signed up to do battle with Carl Tremaine it was the general opinion that Gordon was overmatched, and that he would meet his Waterloo at the hands of the hard hitting Clevelander. Wagner was censured in several quarters for making the match, yet Wagner steadily and persistently maintained that Tremaine was over-rated and that Gordon would lick him. The result is now past history.

Harry surprised the fans by crowding Carl all around the ring, and never giving the latter a chance to use his famous right hand wallop. Gordon jabbed away consistently, and was entitled to eight of the ten sessions.

Gordon is only 22 years of age and has a good future in the ring.

Joe Wagner has assumed partnership with Jimmy Kelly in the management of this youngster, and it's a sure thing they can't go wrong on Harry.

So notable an expert as George B. Underwood, fight critic of the New York Evening Telegram, in a recent article declared that in Harry Gordon, New York State has the next bantam champion.

Willie Ritchie

(*Continued from page* 6)

who could fool him any in financial arrangements. He always insisted on having his say in the matchmaking and astute and oily Jim Coffroth once made the remark that he was the hardest chap he had ever encountered to do business with. Fights used to worry him, not that he ever feared the outcome, and he was always at a high nervous pitch just before a battle. When the gong sounded, though, he was transformed. He was all business then and as cold as an icicle.

Gearhart Steffen, Ritchie's true name, was never a popular idol. There were a lot who thought he was a bit too stuck up, possibly because he was not what could be called a "good fellow."

Well, Willie has a fine family and a fine business these days, and is just another of the wise ones of the ring who made the hay while the sun shone and stored it away where it would last for a long time.

Sounds a little like one of those Horatio Alger stories, doesn't it? But then, it is just another instance of truth being stranger than fiction.

Champions' Excuses

(*Continued from page* 5)

Look back at the alibis offered by some of the other great champions:

John L. claimed it was old age and lack of condition and not Jim Corbett that beat him. When Fitz lost to Jeffries he claimed he broke his hands. The alibi for Jeffries when Johnson beat him at Reno was that some one "put something in Jeff's tea." Johnson claimed he lay down to Willard. Willard claimed that the referee should have given him the decision at Toledo because Dempsey left the ring in the first round before the fight was over.

So there you are.

AN OVERSIGHT

His lips were covered with a grin
And there is little doubt
Had it but covered up his chin
He might have won the bout.

WALTER TRUMBUL,
In the N. Y. Herald.

New York Boys in the Ring and on the Diamond

By FREDERICK G. LIEB
President, Baseball Writers' Association

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NEW YORK rapidly is coming to be regarded as the city of champions. Not only does the great municipality of the Atlantic seaboard harbor the two major league championship baseball clubs, but most of the present day fistic champions are New York boys.

Jack Dempsey is the only notable exception, as the king of heavyweights was born in Manassa, Colorado, and spent his early days in Utah. Gene Tunney, a product of Greenwich Village, is America's present light heavyweight title-holder. Johnny Wilson, world's middleweight champion, lived in New York during the greater part of his life. Some of the record books give his birth-place as New York City, though he actually was born in Italy. His folks took him here when he was quite young, and he used to live several blocks away from Benny Leonard in Harlem. Wilson started fighting in New York, and was a New Yorker when he won his title, though for a time after his marriage he made his home in Cambridge, Mass., but now again lives in New York.

Mickey Walker, the new welterweight champion, comes from Elizabeth, New Jersey, which is included in the Metropolitan District. Benny Leonard, lightweight champion, was born and raised in Harlem and now makes his home in the Bronx. Jack Bernstein, the new junior lightweight champion, was born in New York City, but now is a resident of Yonkers, the thriving river city just north of New York. Bernstein won his title from Johnny Dundee, born in Italy, but known to fistic fans as a product of New York's lower East Side.

New York can lay no claim to Eugene Criqui, the present featherweight title-holder, but Johnny Dundee hopes to bring this title to New York when he engages Criqui in combat in a few days.

Joe Lynch, bantamweight champion of the world, is a product of the lower East Side of New York, and regained his title from Johnny Buff, who comes from Jersey City, just across the river from old Manhattan.

Pancho Villa, the clever Filipino, is the present world's flyweight champion, but the American flyweight champion is Frankie Genaro, the clever little Brooklyn Italian. Genaro won a decision over Villa early in the year, before Pancho became the world's champion.

Most of New York's present day champions are products of the nation's greatest individual melting pot, the East and West Side of Manhattan Island, where boys of new races are obliged to fight to win recognition. Sam Wallach, brother and former manager of Leach Cross, the fighting dentist, tells an interesting story of how Leach came to take up fighting. A number of Hebrew boys had to pass through an Irish neighborhood to get to DeWitt Clinton High School, and the Irish kids did their best to discourage the ambitions of the Jewish boys for higher education. However, the latter had a stalwart defender in Louis Wallach, later known to Fistiana as Leach Cross. He wouldn't back up for any one, and discovered he was so proficient in fighting his way through the Irish district that he later took up fighting as a business and as a means of working his way through college.

It is interesting to note that of the six New York City boys who are champions, the large racial units of New York's newer citizens are equally represented. Two are Irish, Gene Tunney and Joe Lynch; two others are Jewish, Benny Leonard and Jack Bernstein, and a third pair is Italian, Johnny Wilson and Frankie Genaro.

New York, however, had other champions before the present crop. Terry McGovern perhaps was the most famous. It may be a surprise to many New Yorkers, particularly Brooklynites, to know that Terry was not a native of Brooklyn. He was born in Johnstown, Pa., but his folks moved to Brooklyn when he was quite young, and his name was associated with Greater New York as much as is that of Benny Leonard today.

The original Jack Dempsey, middleweight champion from 1884 to 1891, was a Brooklynite, though Irish born. So was Jack McAuliffe, who ruled the lightweights about the same time that Dempsey was boss of the middleweight division. Like Dempsey, McAuliffe first clenched his little fists in Ireland, but his family took him to Brooklyn when he was a wee bit of a lad, and he started his fighting in the big borough across the bridge. Jack Skelly, now of Yonkers, also hailed from Brooklyn in those early days, and Dempsey, McAuliffe and Skelly were known as the Three Jacks.

Two other Brooklyn champions were Matty Mathews and Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan. Mathews was American welterweight champion from 1900 to 1908, and Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan was American featherweight champion from 1904 to 1908. Tommy has forsaken Brooklyn for St. Louis, where he is boxing instructor in the Missouri A. C. He knocked out Abe Attell for the title in St. Louis on October 13, 1904, and Abe regained it four years later when he knocked out Tommy in San Francisco on April 30, 1908.

Brooklyn also held the middleweight championship between 1914 and 1917, when Al McCoy held the title by virtue of his first round defeat of George Chip. McCoy, whose right name is Albert Rudolph, was only a mediocre boxer, and the punch which knocked out Chip was always considered as a chance blow.

Mike O'Dowd knocked out McCoy, and in 1920 Johnny Wilson, the former New York Italian, won a decision from O'Dowd in Boston, which was considerably criticised at the time. Like Al McCoy, Wilson does not compare with some of the early New York title-holders, particularly Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe, neither of whom were able to get a world's title, though they held the American championships.

New York, of course, has produced many other fighters, who did not rise to championships. About a dozen years ago, New York had three boys in Knockout Brown, Leach Cross and Harlem Tommy Murphy, who could make them all step. Jim Flynn, the

(*Continued on page* 16)

Boxers and Ball Players Who Put New York on the Map

1—JIMMY RING
2—JOHNNY WILSON
3—DICK RUDOLPH
4—RUBE OLDRING
5—TIM JORDAN
6—TERRY McGOVERN
7—HEINIE WAGNER
8—HEINIE ZIMMERMAN
9—FRANKIE FRISCH
10—WILLIE KEELER
11—JOE LYNCH
12—HUGH McQUILLAN
13—FRANKIE GENARO
14—MIKE O'DOWD
15—BENNY LEONARD

One of the Greatest Shock Absorbers of the Ring—Knocked Down 36 Times Yet Wins

THREE of the toughest fighters of modern times were all negroes and not one of them ever became a champion. They were the real shock absorbers of the ring---Sam Langford, Sam McVey and Joe Jeannette—they had the hard luck to be in their prime when the purses were about one-tenth of what they are today.

McVey always said that the toughest fellow he ever met was Jeannette. Few would dispute this assertion if they had seen the battle they fought in Paris in 1909. Joe was knocked down no less than 36 times but McVey lost the fight when he collapsed in the 49th round. It is safe to say that no fight since the days of the London Prize Ring rules ever saw so many knockdowns.

"I wasn't in wonderful condition," Sam would say in telling of that bout. "I never expected Joe to put up such a tough battle. I sure did give him an awful pasting with everything I had. He just wasn't human. Every time he hit the floor I was sure it was his last."

"At the beginning of the 49th we were both badly bunged up and it was a toss-up which was in worse shape. My legs were gone and I was dizzy.

"Come on, boy," said Joe, "I'm going to knock the tar out of you."

"No, Joe," answered Sam, "I'm through for the evening. I'm only human and you have done plenty to me, but remember, it will take some figuring to count up how many times I knocked you down."

It took each of these iron men more than a week to recover from their pummeling. Those days of yore will come no more and it is just as well. If such a thing occurred today there would be an awful hullabaloo from the reformers.

New York's Boxers and Ball Players

(*Continued from page* 14)

Pueblo fireman, was born in Brooklyn

Among New York's present fistic colony, excluding the champions already mentioned, we have just sons of Pop Knickerbocker as Willie Jackson, Sammy Nable, Frankie Jerome, Dave Rosenberg, Tommy Robson, Augie Ratner, Charley Beecher, Mickey Brown, Abe Goldstein, Johnny Green, Hyman Gold, Maxie Green, Pepper Martin and Jim Cooney.

Not only has Greater New York produced many championship boxers, but the great American gateway also has developed some of the foremost ball players of the nation. New York is popularly supposed to be a city of tenements, yet it is remarkable how many great boxers and ball players have come from some of the city's most congested districts.

Take the case of Willie Keeler, a son of a Brooklyn switchman, who first saw the light of day in a Brooklyn tenement. Keeler ranks with the greatest players of all time. The game never had a more scientific hitter. His batting average of .432 in 1897 has been beaten only once in the forty-eight year career of the National League and he has set batting records which should endure through the ages.

Next to Keeler, New York City's greatest home raised ball player unquestionably is Frankie Frisch, the clever second baseman of the world's champion Giants. Frisch, born and reared in the Bronx and a graduate of Fordham, is one of the outstanding stars of baseball today. Many regard him as the leading all-around player in the National League.

The Borough of the Bronx, with its green lots behind its many apartment houses, has developed many of New York City's leading ball players. The Bronx brought forth Dick Rudolph, famous pitcher of the Braves, whose ten inning shutout victory over the Pittsburgh Pirates was one of the brilliant feats of the present baseball season. Dick is another ex-Fordham boy.

Rube Oldring, left fielder on Connie Mack's great Athletic team of ten years ago, was another Bronx boy, though the Rube now has a farm in Jersey. Heinie Zimmerman, former third baseman of the Giants, was the Bronx's favorite ball player until Frankie Frisch usurped his position in the affection of the Bronxonian fans.

Brooklyn has given the game a lot of pitchers. The leading flinger from Brooklyn today is Waite Hoyt, Yankee pitcher, who should be one of the game's outstanding boxmen. Jimmy Ring, a splendid pitcher wasting his talents with the tailend Phillies, is another graduate of the Brooklyn sand-lots. Clinton Blume, a young pitcher with the Giants, also is a Brooklyn boy, and pitched on the Erasmus High School team with Hoyt. Joe Lake, formerly with Detroit and the Browns; George McQuillan, formerly with the Phillies, and Johnny Enzmann, former Cleveland pitchers, were other major league pitchers hailing from Brooklyn.

Heinie Wagner, great shortstop of the Red Sox world's champions of 1912, was born and raised in Harlem. George "Dut" Chalmers, former Philly pitcher, though born in Scotland, came from Harlem and lived within a few blocks of the Polo Grounds. Joe Judge, Washington's clever first baseman, was born in New York and learned to play the game there, but no longer is a resident of the city. Al Schacht, the pitcher, and Val Picinich, the Boston catcher, also selected New York for their birthplace.

"Big City" Tim Jordan, former clouting first baseman of the Brooklyn club and one of the Babe Ruths of the game fifteen years ago, was another product of old New York.

Hugh McQuillan, leading pitcher of the Giants this season, comes from Astoria, in the Borough of Queens. Like most of the other New York reared players he got his start on the semi-pro fields of the Metropolitan District. Harry Riconda, Connie Mack's new third baseman, is another product of Queens Borough. So was Tommy Clarke, for years catcher of the Cincinnati Reds.

Just now Staten Island, New York's Borough of Richmond, is not represented in the major leagues, but for years this island borough was well represented by Matty McIntyre, former left fielder and lead-off man of the Detroit Tigers. Matty died a few years ago, while still a comparatively young man.

Editorial Comment on Dempsey-Gibbons Fight

It is interesting to note how the New York City papers editorially commented on the Dempsey-Gibbons fight because, as a rule, how New York goes so goes the world. The editorial writers of almost every big paper in the country declared the fight sounded the death knell of big purses, and the greater portion also seemed to think the fight showed that Dempsey has gone back. The following are taken from the New York dailies:

SHELBY PAYS FOR ITS WHISTLE

THE town of Shelby was like a lot of us. It wanted something it could not afford. The germ of extravagance entered its blood last winter when the snow lay deep over the oil fields. Some imp of the demon Waste suggested that a championship fight would be a great thing for Shelby, just as John Doe's wicked neighbor intimates that John ought to have a bigger car or a more costly radio outfit.

Shelby didn't need the fight and certainly couldn't afford it. But once it was noised about that Shelby was talking of it Shelby got the notion that as a matter of civic pride it ought to go ahead and finish the job. Quite human, this; once Mrs. John Doe has remarked that maybe they are going to get a new car the neighbors expect Mr. Doe to make the rumor good. And in many cases the poor man does.

So Shelby progressed from the state of mind in which it dreamed vaguely of the fight to that state in which it felt that it must have the fight at any cost. "Any cost," when it comes to dickering with the sage managers of champion pugilists, is a large order. It meant collecting almost as much money as Mayor Hylan wanted the city of New York to spend on a jubilee—and that was so much that the Mayor didn't get it.

But Shelby got it. It got it just as John Doe gets the money for his new extravagance, by ransacking every pecuniary nook and corner. Mayor Jim Johnson did a lot of the searching but looted himself in particular. He was the John Doe of the affair. The neighbors must not laugh at Shelby. Jim's whole fortune of $150,000 went into the pot of gold that was necessary to hire Mr. Dempsey for an afternoon's work and thus preserve the vanity—alias the fair name—of Shelby.

In the end Shelby had the fight, such as it was. It pleased Mr. Dempsey, who collected an amount of money that would have bought Shelby the finest high school in that part of Montana. It pleased Mr. Gibbons, who broke the record by boxing the champion fifteen rounds and remaining conscious throughout. The details must please Mr. Willard and the ambitious South American, Señor Firpo. Perhaps there are Shelbyites who are pleased because Shelby made good.

But the spectacle was not dramatic, as championship battles are supposed to be. The only dramatic scene came after the affair was over and the champion paid. Then we see Mayor Jim Johnson, aged 60, standing on Shelby's main street. He is smiling. "Well," he says, "we had the fight, didn't we? Slip me the price of a shave."—*New York Evening Sun.*

DEMPSEY STILL CHAMPION

JACK DEMPSEY retains the heavyweight championship, but it must be confessed in disappointing fashion.

"One more such victory and we are undone."

Tom Gibbons, the challenger, with a handicap of six years in age and about twelve pounds in weight, travelled the whole distance of fifteen rounds without a knockdown.

The "men of the great open spaces and the hairy wrists," as the champion's manager is said to have referred to the cattle men of Shelby, certainly had a run for such money as they collected. They saw a battle. There was action in every round. Seven of the periods went to Dempsey, two to Gibbons and six were even.

Big boxing matches these days of astute management are too often liable to be looked upon with distrust. There is at this writing scarcely room for suspicion that Gibbons was "allowed" to stay the limit. Both men were trying. Dempsey had said he would win in the first round if he could win. His fierce onslaught in the opening session indicated that he meant it. Gibbons not only weathered that storm but held his man even in the second, many thinking he had a shade the better of it. He outboxed the champion at long range when he had the chance, but Dempsey kept in close and on top of his man. What missing he did resulted from his opponent's cleverness, and that Gibbons kept his feet throughout would seem to indicate that the cave man's punch had lost some of its effectiveness.

Two years of easy living is not good for a boxer, even if he is only twenty-eight, and it has told on Dempsey. And it is recalled that two years ago Brennan went twelve rounds with the champion before receiving the finishing blow.

It is all very well to say that Dempsey needed this bout to put him in condition, but to a vast number of fans the outcome will make it easier to understand why Wills has not been accorded a long sought bout.

There is another thing about the Shelby bout. If it brings up discussion of the big and ever increasing purses paid our gladiators —out of the pockets of the fans, of course—and results in some reform it will be for the benefit of the game.—*New York Evening Telegram.*

NOT THE DEMPSEY OF TOLEDO

JACK DEMPSEY was not the Dempsey of Toledo in his bout with Tom Gibbons. He was the Dempsey of the Brennan fight. He could not "step," he could not punch. His legs seemed bad. His boxing eye was certainly way off, even granting that he was fighting a man whose forte is making the other fellow miss.

The thing for Dempsey to do now is to forget those $300,000 purses, and do some fighting.

He had fought just twelve minutes in thirty months up to yesterday, and no matter how much work a man does in a gymnasium, this is not enough fighting to keep him in practice.—*Damon Runyon, in New York American.*

SHELBY'S TWO BATTLES

SHELBY'S two fights are memories today. Jack Dempsey has retained his championship and lost most of his prestige. Shelby has taken a place in the history of prizefighting which it is not anxious to hold. And the authorities on sport have accepted the inevitable. They were wrong on their predictions, as they usually are wrong.

Scattered here and there, before Gibbons and Dempsey entered the ring, were fighters who conceded that the challenger had more than a fair chance. They knew that Gibbons was an able citizen with his hands, and they believed he was willing and primed to prove it. But the majority of the experts, particularly the writing experts, predicted not who would win, but how soon Dempsey would do it. Few were the experts who felt Gibbons would be in the ring ten minutes after the bout started. He was there when the fifteenth round ended; it was quite apparent that he might very well have been there still had the bout gone another fifteen. The persistent wrongness of experts is amazing.

The combination of finance and fighting which proved too much for the champion was, however, the real feature of the Montana bout. How Shelby fought against odds to put the battle on is an old story. Shelby lost a great deal of money in its venture. It is said that its Mayor went "broke." Modern prizefight promoting is no game for novices. It has too many ramifications. Shelby learned some of them yesterday; but Shelby did what it said it would. It put on the fight. Dempsey got most of his $300,000, even though his manager did not exactly thrill the world with his actions in obtaining it.

Getting the money to the champion was Shelby's first battle, the two gladiators provided the second. But just as Dempsey and his retinue failed to measure up to the highest ethical standards in their financial deals with Shelby before the fight, so did Dempsey himself fail to measure up to the highest fistic standards during it. The champion lost in prestige in both. Now, instead of boasting a reputation as a superman, he must go into his next fight, wherever it is, with the knowledge that a man considered only a fair heavyweight stood for fifteen rounds against him.—*New York Herald.*

A KNOCKOUT

EVERYBODY lost something at the Fourth of July prizefight except Shelby, Mont., and those of its citizens who refused to buy tickets. The town got the advertising it wanted; and the canny populace saw the fight for nothing from the very best seats.

Mr. Kearns, the Stinnes of the squared circle, lost some money he had counted on. Mr. Dempsey not only lost his share of that money but he forever abdicated his mythical rôle as the Morpheus of any mortal who would clamber into a prize-ring with him. Mr. Gibbons, although he gained much golden opinion for future minting, lost the decision. Fight enthusiasts who in the past have journeyed to Havana and Carson City to see good fights lost an opportunity to see another. The trans-continental railroads lost a lot of special business. Mayor Jim Johnson lost his grub-stake. The Blackfeet lost faith in the medicine man who prophesied Chief Thunder Cloud's victory. Professional pride impels The World to refrain from narrating the losses in prestige of those other prophets, the pugilistic experts of the press. Even the movies lost the box-office aid of a knock-out.

The literature of Boxiana also suffered considerable loss. In fifteen rounds of fighting between two heavyweights—one a "mangrizzly"— only a drop or so of blood and no knock-downs. The most violent happening was that, in the fifth round, stung by a blow, Mr. Dempsey unmistakably and ferociously scowled. The unities were violated. Tradition and prophecy fell cumbersomely from their perches. But poetic justice scored a knock-out against overcommercialized American pugilism, and scored it with a sock heard round the world.—*New York Morning World.*

WHAT DEMPSEY LOST

JACK DEMPSEY didn't rake down as much cash as he expected from the affair at Shelby. And that tells something less than half of the story.

(*Continued on page* 24)

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Heinie Miller and His "Chief-Tells-His-Own-Name"

By DOC DOUGHERTY,
Coach, Naval Academy Athletic Staff

SPEAKING of publicity stunts to get the big gate, how about this one?

San Francisco knows the game. Nothing much can be slipped over out by the Golden Gate.

Many Army and Navy boxers appear as preliminary boys on San Francisco's fight cards. In fact so many appeared, some of them good, some of them mediocre, some of them very bad, that the mere fact that a man was an Army, Navy or Marine Corps battler, discounted his box office value.

Heinie Miller, star mentor of Navy champions, had a stable of good ones up in Mare Island's Navy Yard, thirty miles from San Francisco. At that time Miller managed Frankie Kirk, Navy lightweight champion. Kirk met and defeated such as Ray Campbell, Babe Picato, Sally Salvadore, Jimmy Hanlon, Otto Wallace, etc., etc. IT TOOK BENNY LEONARD TO BEAT THE SAILOR, so good was Kirk. Miller also had Heinie Orchard, Marathon featherweight, who went thirty-two rounds to a kayo win over Chicago Jack White at Tia Juana, Mexico.

Among other good members of this All-Navy stable of fistmen was Joe Lewis, a sergeant in the Marine Corps. Lewis was good. The mere fact that he was a Service boxer, however, would make him have to start very cheaply. It so happened that Lewis was a full blooded Cheyenne Indian and looked the part.

He was a graduate of Carlisle School, spoke beautiful English and boasted of a wonderful education. Miller looked up the San Francisco promoters and chirped, "I've got the only real American fighter in captivity, full blooded Sioux Indian Chief. His right name is Chief Tells-His-Own-Name. He can fight like his ancestors of Buffalo Bill's time." The promoters wanted to be convinced.

So Miller went to a costumer and bought an "indian suit" as he puts it. Lewis refused to wear it, saying "That outfit is all non-regulation. My tribe don't wear that sort of a fit-out. I'm not chief and am not entitled to that war bonnet." Miller begged and pleaded pointing out to Lewis that as an Indian Chief in a war bonnet he was worth about ninety per cent. more than as a Sergeant in the Marines. But Lewis was adamant. Finally he consented to wear the circus clothes on condition that for the chief's war bonnet he substituted one lone feather, the insignia of a plain warrior private in the rear rank.

Miller cautioned Lewis, "Now when we walk down Market Street you walk pigeon toed like an Indian. If anybody talks to you you answer "Ugh!" and no more. I'll do the talking.

A hot July afternoon saw a curious crowd following Lewis and Miller up Market Street. Lewis grunted plenty of "Ugh's" in reply to numerous questions and Miller talked many talks about Chief Tells-His-Own-Name, the one and only real redskin battler. Lewis was an instantaneous hit.

When he entered the ring in his brightly colored blanket the gallery gods let out war whoops. And the pretty part of it was that the Indian could really fight. He whipped quite a few good men and many of them wondered in what wigwam out on the plains he learned the left half scissors to the liver which made the other chap talk Indian with plenty of "Ugh!"

"Tom Sharkey, Hot Dog"

By ROSS E. KAUFMAN

DURING the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco there was a refreshment stand near the main entrance of the grounds and a thick-necked, dark-haired proprietor stood there daily yelling his wares in somewhat this fashion:

"Geta de hot dog, hot dog, hot dog, red hot!"

That, of course, wasn't unusual, but over his stand he had a big sign which read:

"Tom Sharkey, Hot Dog!"

One day Tom Sharkey, THE Tom Sharkey, strolled out to the exposition grounds and the first thing he spied was this stand and the sign. Tom was as sore as an old and uncared for corn

With a friend he burst into the hot dog emporium and cried for the proprietor. The thick-necked individual came forth and Tom tore loose at him. He wanted to know what in blankety blank blank he meant by using the name of Tom Sharkey as an advertisement for hot dogs. Tom was peeling off his coat to enforce his edict that the practice had to stop, when the weeny heater fled into a rear room and came dashing back with his bank book, on the cover of which was written: Tom Sharkey.

Tom was knocked silly by that. He wanted to know "how come" and the explanation was that the fellow had picked up the name because he was thick-set and dark like Tom. He said he liked the name and as his own was of lengthy Greek dimensions he adapted it.

That mollified Tom and he went on his way, though lamenting that he was afraid his followers would think he had fallen from his high pinnacle of fame. And a lot of his friends long wondered if he really had gone into the hot dog business.

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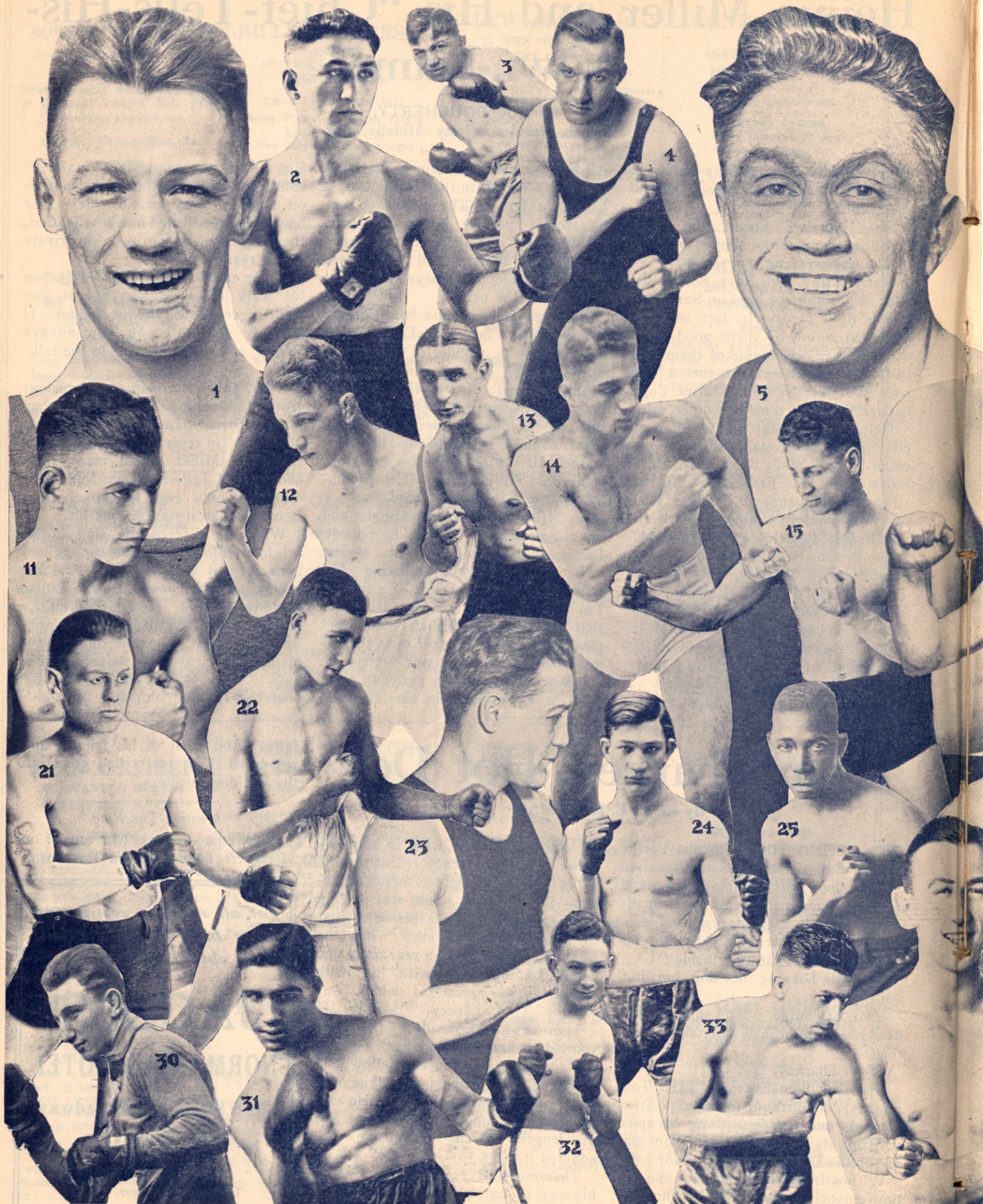

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President Roosevelt and His Love for Boxing

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

THE Presidents of the United States of the last few terms have been addicted to golf as their favorite exercises but there was only one Chief Executive who liked to put on the padded gloves for a warming up tilt. That was Teddy Roosevelt who was probably the most universally popular leader that this country has ever had. Teddy knew how to handle himself and he was a thorough believer in every red-blooded lad learning to use his fists.

Roosevelt was a great lover of the manly art and he liked nothing better than to have a little sparring match with some ring celebrity. In fact, so well did he like the game, that in his later years he sported an injured optic received through a blow. This necessitated his wearing thick eyeglasses.

Roosevelt numbered among his intimates such celebrities as John L. Sullivan, Tom Sharkey, Battling Nelson and Professor Mike Donovan and Kid McCoy. Donovan was a particular favorite of his and many a time when Roosevelt was in the White House, Mike used to receive an invitation that was almost a command to come over from New York to Washington to visit him. Mike was a particularly privileged guest and many a time some big wig would be kept waiting while Teddy and Mike were having it out in a friendly but none the less rugged scrap.

When Colonel Roosevelt was Police Commissioner in New York he was an inveterate attendant at the bouts. He knew as much about fights and fighters as most of the writers of boxing of that time.

Teddy took quite an interest in Tom Sharkey. Once when Tom was doing his training down at New Dorp, Staten Island, a place that necessitated a ten mile trip across the bay and back in addition to another of about the same distance, the Colonel came down to see the Sailor work out.

Roosevelt was very much interested

COL. THEODORE ROOSEVELT

in the training stunts but he was not the sort who cared to stand around inactive. He just itched to have a try-out with Tom and finally suggested that he be accommodated. Tom was willing, so off came Teddy's coat which he handed to a bystander and rolled up his sleeves while the gloves were tied on.

Tom's trainer was afraid that he might get rough and accidently hurt Teddy so he whispered to him to go easy. The Colonel suspected that something of this was going on and told the trainer that he could handle himself and that the warning wasn't necessary. Of course the bout was a friendly one but it showed to the onlookers that Roosevelt was far from being a novice at the game.

While Colonel Roosevelt was at Harvard he picked up his first pointers in boxing but he did not become seriously interested in the game except as a matter of exercise until he paid a visit to Billy Madden's gym in New York. One day he had an appointment to meet one of his sons at a certain address and when he arrived there he found that it was a gymnasium and that his offspring was up there and not quite ready. So up he went and he found the junior Roosevelt just finishing a boxing lesson. He was delighted and said:

"I'm glad to see you doing that; it's a man's game."

"I'd like to see you box, dad," said his son, I'll bet you can go some still."

The colonel then asked Madden who was a great fighter in his day, if he would put on the gloves with him. This was done and Teddy surprised them all by his clever work.

Billy became a great admirer of Roosevelt and said that he was sure if he had gone in for boxing when he was a youngster in a serious way he would have become just as big a champion at that as he was in statecraft.

The Irish Negro, Ben O'Brien

EVERY now and then an announcer will call out:

"In this corner Battling Kelly; in the other corner Young Kid Sullivan."

You rub your eyes and blink and ask if the home brew was too strong, and decide to get a new bootlegger. For you see that both boys are colored and you wonder how it can be.

True both are negroes, but the colored lads simply have taken the good Irish names because they think they can win under the borrowed cognomens. Yet there are Irish negroes.

There was one whose name was Ben O'Brien, and he was born on the Auld Sod and talked that way, too. He was black as the ace of spades and had a hard time convincing some folks that he really was an Irishman. But he was. His brogue was as thick as two Blarney stones, so to speak. and it was his most convincing argument.

He came to this country many years ago and fought several battles here. His birthplace was Queenstown, where he learned the gentle art of fisticuffs. When he came to America the fans here were sceptical about his being an Irishman. And to prove it, he spoke the Blarney like the best of 'em and fought as only a true-blooded Irishman can fight.

Results of Boxing Bouts

JUNE

4—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Sammy Bienfeld beat Johnny Breslin, four rounds.
Jack Snyder knocked out Benny Schiff, two rounds.
Sid Terris beat Otto Goldberg, four rounds.
Sid Roberts knocked out Abe Becker, one round.
Sid Burt beat Willie Clarke, four rounds.
Tommy Paluso beat Ray Noonan, four rounds.
Harry Getzel beat Harry Shapiro, four rounds.
Izzy Sharpe beat Johnny Regan, four rounds.
Joe Lombardi beat Johnny Lustig, four rounds.

6—Baltimore, Md.:
Bobby Garcia and Tommy Noble, twelve-round draw.

7—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers:
Rocky Smith knocked out Frankie Murphy, two rounds.
Henry Shaw knocked out Vernon Spinner, third round.
Tom Wint beat Pete Williams, six rounds.
Patsy Brocco beat Johnny Middy, six rounds.
Lew Perfetti beat Al Diamond, four rounds.

8—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Jack Sharkey beat Mickey Brown, twelve rounds.
Happy Mahoney beat Johnny Price, ten rounds.
Charley Traino and Bobby Wagner, ten-round draw.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Charley Izzo, four rounds.

8—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Tommy Lynch beat Jimmy Tomasulo, twelve rounds.
Al Studdy beat Tony Sirrocco, eight rounds.
Harry Mulcahy beat Marty Silvers, six rounds.

8—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Sonny Smith beat Vincent Salvatore, ten rounds.
Jackie Marlowe knocked out Ben Bailey, two rounds.
Tommy Palso beat Jimmy Bones, six rounds.

8—Empire A. A., Hoboken:
Marty Powell knocked out Babe Orlando, three rounds.

8—Ocean Park A. A., Long Branch, N. J.:
Jimmy Mars beat Dutch Brandt, twelve rounds.
Joey Baker and Frank Barick, eight-round draw.

8—Detroit, Mich.:
Sailor Friedman beat Johnny Mendelsohn, ten rounds.

8—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Cantastoa Bob knocked out Kid Blair, ten rounds.
Art Wandor knocked out Danny Brown, fourth round.
Phil Logan beat Georgie Fox, ten rounds.

9—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Carl Duane and Charley Phil Rosenberg, six-round draw.
Joe Celmars beat Terry Martin, twelve rounds.
Kid Buller and Charley Pilkington, twelve-round draw.
Otto Johnson and Connie George, six-round draw.

9—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Nick Foley beat Sailor Joe Kelly, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Joe Glick, six rounds.
Frankie Alban beat Scotty Williams, six rounds.
Johnny Vestri beat Willie Mack, six rounds.

10—Havana, Cuba:
Luis Firpo knocked out Italian Jack Herman, two rounds.

8—San Francisco, Calif.:
Sunny Jim beat Racehorse Roberts, four rounds.
Eddie White beat Sailor Thode, four rounds.
Charley Sullivan knocked out Ernie Lundgren, two rounds.
Eddie Murray knocked out Sailor Schleilder, two rounds.
Frankie Thomas knocked out Sailor Carl Smith, one round.
Sailor McNulty knocked out Bud Omar, two rounds.
Joe Golden and Eddie Harmes, four-round draw.
Sailor Billy Burke beat Young Baker, four rounds.

8—Casper, Wyo.:
Midget Smith beat Earl Puryear, twelve rounds.
Ray Gartin knocked out George Moser, two rounds.
Arlos Fanning beat Otto Wallace, twelve rounds.
Harvey Perkins kayoed Al Knapp, three rounds.

11—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Johnny Buff beat Patsy Wallace, twelve rounds.
Wee Wee Burns and Jack Feldman, eight rounds.

11—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Paul Doyel beat Jimmy Gardy, twelve rounds.
Sammy Marino and Gus Marino, ten-round draw.

11—Brado A. C., Newark, N. J.
Elino Flores beat Philly Lewis, twelve rounds.
Tommy Gerard beat Charley Ryder, eight rounds.
Johnny Gannon beat Mickey Walters, eight rounds.
Joey Russell beat Johnny Green, eight rounds.

11—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Jack Zivic beat Charley White, ten rounds.

11—Troy, N. Y.:
Willie Herman beat Johnny Donnelly, ten rounds.
Billy Murphy and Harry Nelson, ten-round draw.

11—Lancaster, Pa.:
Rosey Stoy beat K. O. Joe O'Donnell, twelve rounds.
Buck Fleming beat Pete Husnic, ten rounds.
Jack Parks beat Billy Williams, six rounds.
Harry Ross knocked out Harry Eisenberg, one round.

11—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Frankie Murray beat Wilbur Cohen, ten rounds.

11—New Haven, Conn.:
Chick Brown and Young Leonard, twelve-round draw.
Willie Shugrue and Young Silverberg, ten-round draw.

11—Shevreport, La.:
Happy Howard knocked out Mexican Joe Rivers, two rounds.

11—Toledo, Ohio:
Bob Sage won on a foul from Joe Packo, ten rounds.
Bert Palmer and Johnny Jallus, ten-round draw.

12—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City:
Lou Kid Kaplan and Babe Herman twelve-round draw.
Eddie Brady beat Joey Sanger, ten rounds.

12—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Johnny Dundee beat Ritchie Mitchell, ten rounds.

12—Albany, N. Y.:
Jimmy Butch O'Hagen beat Jack McCarron, twelve rounds.
Willie Davis beat Joe Le Bate, ten rounds.
Marty Mandeville beat Ben Ponteau ten rounds.

12—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Danny Edwards beat Ruby Roades ten rounds.

13—Veledrome, New York City:
K. O. Phil Kaplan and Pete Latzo twelve-round draw.
Frankie Conway beat Billy Ryckoff, six rounds.
Sid Terris beat Joey Silvers, six rounds.
Al Gordon beat Joe Ryder, six rounds.
Corporal Izzy Schwartz beat Bobby Green, six rounds.
Jack Snyder beat Bobby Doyle, four rounds.

13—Boston, Mass.:
Jimmy Jones beat Eddie Shevlin, ten rounds.

13—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Sammy Mandell beat Jack Kid Wolfe ten rounds.

14—Kingsboro A. C., East New York:
Jack Britton beat Soldier Bartfield, ten rounds.
Herman Hart and Charley Murray ten-round draw.
Sonny Cashin knocked out Willi Farley, two rounds.

14—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Lou Bogash beat Jimmy Darcy twelve rounds.

14—Hazleton, Pa.:
Frankie Schoell beat Panama Joe Gans, ten rounds.

14—Youngstown, Ohio:
Tonny Robson beat Bryan Downy ten rounds.

14—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach:
Hilly Levine beat Frankie Daly twelve rounds.
Billy Marlowe and Tommy Lynch twelve-round draw.

14—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport L. I.
Moe Ginsberg beat Dutch Brandt twelve rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Nick Laporuta, six rounds.

14—Long Branch, N. J.:
Charley Arthurs and Vic McLaughlin twelve-round draw.

14—Trenton, N. J.:
Johnny Donnelly beat Pat Miles, ten rounds.

15—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Harry London beat Danny Lee, twelve rounds.
Jack McVey knocked out Cowboy Lee Williams, seventh round.

15—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Charley Kid Kohler beat Joe Ritchie twelve rounds.

15—Hartford, Conn.:
Frankie Jerome beat Kid Lewis twelve rounds.

15—Pittsfield, Mass.:
George Werner won on a foul from Sandy Taylor, third round.

15—Raton, N. M.:
Tommy Commiskey knocked out Walter Caldwell, four rounds.

17—Polo Grounds, New York City:
Pancho Villa knocked out Jimmy Wilde, seven rounds.
Harry Gordon beat Carl Tremaine, ten rounds.
Charley Goodman beat Mike Ballerino, six rounds.
Henny Catena beat Joe Donley, six rounds.
Jack Snyder beat Al. Felder, four rounds.

17—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Lew Tendler beat Pal. Moran, eight rounds.
Jeff Smith beat Tommy Loughren, eight rounds.
Clonie Tait beat Ray Mitchell, eight rounds.
Lou Bogash beat Andy Kid Palmer, eight rounds.
Babe Herman beat Cuddy DeMarco, eight rounds.

17—Mariesville, R. I.:
Young Montreal and Tommy Ryan, ten-round draw.

17—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery beat Jack Perry, ten rounds.

17—Toronto, Canada:
Ernie Pinchot beat Teddy Joyce, ten rounds.

17—Savannah, Ga.:
Vic McLaughlin and Young Stribling ten-round draw.

18—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City:
Pete Zivic beat Jack Sharkey, twelve rounds.
Bobby Garcia and Frankie Edwards, twelve-round draw.
Frankie Nancy beat Bobby Wagner, six rounds.

18—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Willie Shaw and Ray Pryel, twelve-round draw.
Harry Mulcahy, knocked out Ned Fitzgerald, seven rounds.

18—Albany, N. Y.:
Vincent Coffey beat Wally Hinkle, ten rounds.
Scotty Williams and Joe Gellar, ten-round draw.

18—Boston, Mass.:
Hambone Kelly knocked out Neddo Flannagan, one round.
Frankie Quill beat Johnny McIntyre, six rounds.
Steve Gustin knocked out Dutch Regan, four rounds.
Pat McCarty beat Homer Robinson six rounds.

20—Pueblo, Colo.:
Bud Hamilton lost to Midget Smith ten rounds.
Johnny Mex beat Otto Wallace, ten rounds.
Willie Hope kayoed Bud Alten third round.

20—Broadway Exhibition Ass'n., Brooklyn:
Johnny Clinton beat Bert Spencer, twelve rounds.
Sid Terris knocked out Ray Lucas, four rounds.
Tommy Knoebele beat Tommy McIrnan, six rounds.
Tommy Milton knocked out Ben Bailey, six rounds.

21—Kingsboro Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Abe Friedman beat Larry Goldberg, twelve rounds.
Abe Goldstein beat Frankie Daly, twelve rounds.

21—Chester, Pa.:
Wildcat Nelson knocked out Jim Montgomery, sixth round.

21—San Francisco, Cal.:
Sunny Jim knocked out Paddy Flavin, one round.
Johnny Farr beat California Joe Lynch, four rounds.
Young Brown and Frankie McCann, four round draw.
Al Sange beat Billy Gordeau, four rounds.
Ray Kronich beat Frank Coalman, four rounds.
Cap Nelson and Pete Francis, four-round draw.
Frankie Malone and Young Rizzo, four-round draw.

21—San Francisco, Cal.:
Soldier Burke beat Freddy Welch, four rounds.
Sailor Picciano beat Sailor Marcot, four rounds.
Harry Wallace and Sailor Alkoi, four-round draw.
Sailor Tremer knocked out Frank Watson, two rounds.
Elmer Hammer knocked out Sailor Mastingale, two rounds.
Sailor Sudlin and Sailor Toomey, four-round draw.
Sailor Kenny beat Lou Richards, four rounds.

21—Portland, Ore.:
Joe Benjamin and Bobby Harper, ten-round draw.

22—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.:
Dave Shade beat Jimmy Kelly, twelve rounds.

22—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Corporal Schwartz knocked out Joe Dillion, four rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Harry Aarons, ten rounds.

22—Long Branch, N. J.:
Frankie Conway beat Marty Collins, twelve rounds.

22—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Johnny Wilson beat Eddie Carter, eight rounds.

22—Stamford, Conn.:
Lou Bogash knocked out George Shade, two rounds.

22—Woonsocket, R. I.:
Willie Harmon beat Wildman Gould, ten rounds.

23—Commonwealth Sporting Club:
Carl Duane beat Danny Edwards, twelve rounds.
Earl Force beat Frankie Fitzpatrick twelve rounds.

23—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club Brooklyn:
Nick Foley beat Johnny Price, twelve rounds.

26—Knickbocker Club, Albany, N. Y.:
Pal Reed and Young Fisher, twelve rounds.
Joey Baker and Joe Baker, ten-round draw.

27—Velodrome, New York City:
Pepper Martin beat Charley Beecher, twelve rounds.
Terry Martin beat Harry London, twelve rounds.
George Lavigne beat Al Norton, six rounds.
Vic Brig beat Barney Keeley, six rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Nat Pincus, four rounds.

27—Mariesville, R. I.:
Chuck Suggs beat Tommy Ryan, ten rounds.

28—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Ted Jameison won on a foul from Jack Renault, two rounds.

28—Scranton, Pa.:
Benny Gershey knocked out Silent Dalton, one round.

25—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Tommy Loughran beat Mike McTigue, eight rounds.
Jack Bernstein knocked out Freddy Jacks, five rounds.
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Earl Biard, eight rounds.
Clonie Tait beat Johnny Clinton, eight rounds.
Bobby Barrett beat Johnny Donnelly, eight rounds.

25—Broadway Exhibition Assn., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Irish Paddy Flynn knocked out Jack Doran, four rounds.
Frankie Coster knocked out Sonny Cashin, five rounds.
Charley Murray beat Mort Seligman, ten rounds.

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25—Broad A. C., Newark:
K. O. Phil Kaplan beat Eddie Shevlin, twelve rounds.
25—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Jimmy Mendo beat Jabez White, twelve rounds.
25—Troy, N. Y.:
Frankie LaFay won on a foul from Billy Defoe, four rounds.
Harry Nelson beat Frankie Sinclair, ten rounds.
25—Allentown, Pa.:
Lew Tendler beat Tim Dronye, eight rounds.
25—Columbus, Ohio:
Bud Christano beat Tony Zill, ten rounds.
25—Montreal, Canada:
Kid Roy knocked out Eddie Pinchot, one round.
Joe Stanley knocked out George Girardin, third round.
25—Toledo, Ohio:
Red McDonald beat Blockie Richards, twelve rounds.
25—Lancaster, Pa.:
Alex Brenner beat Benny Schwartz, twelve rounds.
25—New Haven, Conn.:
Mickey Travers beat Romeo Roche, twelve rounds.
Willie Shrugue beat Rabbit Long, eight rounds.
29—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City:
Frankie Jerome and Jack Hassner, twelve-round draw.
Tommy Noble beat Jimmy Mars, twelve rounds.
29—Freeport Sporting Club, Freeport, L. I.:
Tommy Lynch beat Joe Clifford, twelve rounds.
Joe Ryder beat Tommy Galston, eight rounds.
29—Rockaway Beach, N. Y.:
Sonny Smith beat Billy Marlowe, twelve rounds.
Tony Vaccarrelli beat Nick Lapurta, six rounds.
29—Long Branch, N. J.:
Al Studdy beat Joe Werner, eight rounds.
Eddie Revoire knocked out Johnny McCabe, two rounds.
29—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Danny Rogers beat Johnny Krause, eight rounds.
29—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Johnny Mealey and Whitey Fitzgerald, eight-round draw.
29—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Johnny Donnelly and George Russell, eight-round draw.
Young Jack Dempsey knocked out Lew Seltzer, two rounds.
Johnny Ray knocked out Joe Palmer, two rounds.
29—Detroit, Mich.:
Ray Pryel beat Bobby Green, ten rounds.
30—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Panama Joe Gans knocked out Willie Walker, nine rounds.
Sid Buller knocked out Jack Hubbard, two rounds.
30—Kingsboro Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Harry Kid Brown beat Mel Coogan, two rounds.
Billy Ryckoff and Charley Rosenberg, twelve-round draw.
30—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Joe Ritchie knocked out Johnny Gray, seven rounds.
Tony Palmer beat Dick Russell, six rounds.
Frankie Curley beat August Pisano, six rounds.
Joe Baker and Joe White, six-round draw.

JULY

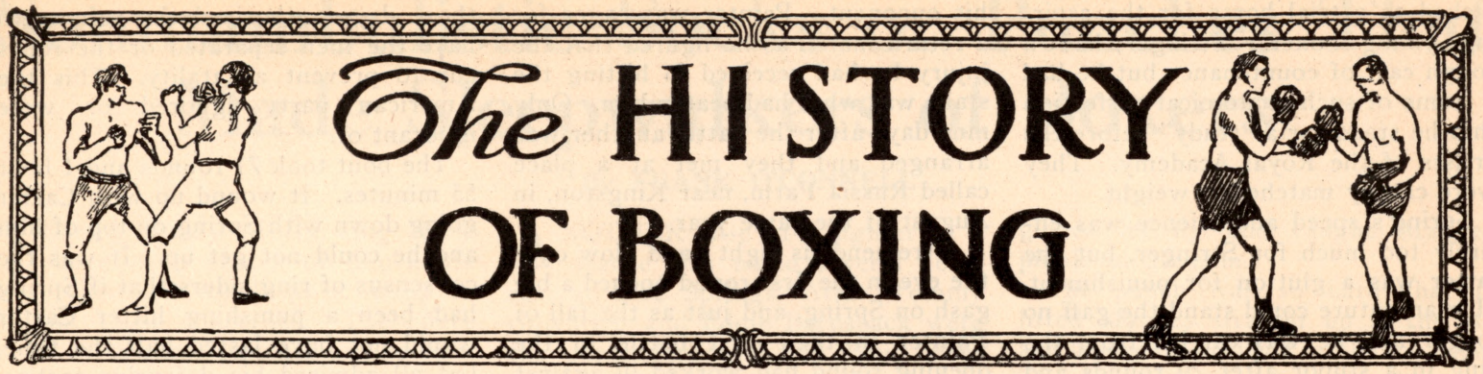
2—Broad A. C., Newark:
Mickey Walker knocked out Cowboy Pladgett, twelve rounds.
2—Oakland A. A., Jersey City:
Andy Chaney beat Tommy Noble, twelve rounds.
Bud Dempsey beat Charley Traino, twelve rounds.
2—Broadway Exh. Assn., Brooklyn:
Charley Kohler won over Charley Goodman, fourth round.
Pete August beat Bobby Michaels, twelve rounds.
2—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Ed Kelley beat Jack Douglas, twelve rounds.
2—Allentown, Pa.:
Johnny Leonard knocked out George Brown, two rounds.
2—York, Pa.:
Johnny Donnelly beat Pat Mills, twelve rounds.
2—Troy, N. Y.:
Ruby Stein knocked out Charley McCrann, nine rounds.
2—Memphis:
Billy McCann and Jimmy Dalton, eight-round draw.
3—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City:
Danny Edwards and Harry Gordon, twelve-round draw.
Ansell Bell and Joe Ritchie, twelve-round draw.
Johnny Coney and Frankie Engle, eight-round draw.
3—New Haven, Conn.:
Babe Herman and Kid Kaplan, twelve-round draw.
3—Harrison, N. J.:
Frank Yarchen beat Billy Holiday, twelve rounds.
4—Shelby, Mont.:
Jack Dempsey beat Tommy Gibbons, 15 rounds.
Joe Gorman beat Harry Drake, eight rounds.
Jack McDonald beat Ernie Sayles, two rounds.
4—Veledrome, New York:
Carl Duane knocked out Billy Ryckoff, two rounds.
Billy Defoe knocked out Mickey Brown, nine rounds.
Johnny Rose beat Georgie Daley, six rounds.
Nick Foley knocked out Irving Goldberg, one round.
4—Wilmington, N. C.:
Bob Fitzsimmons, Jr., knocked out Wild Bill McFadden, two rounds.
4—Holyoke, Mass.:
Abe Friedman beat Lew Hurley, twelve rounds.
Jack Delaney knocked out Tommy Madden, two rounds.
4—Manchester, N. H.:
Hambone Kelly knocked out George Shade, two rounds.
4—New Orleans:
Eddie Brady beat Kid Koster, twelve rounds.
4—Los Angeles:
Johnny Reisler and Sailor Ashmore, four-round draw.
Jay Kaufman beat Young Datto, four rounds.
4—Marshfield, Ore.:
Bert Tribbey beat Mike Brothers, two rounds.
4—Los Angeles:
Terry Adams and Bud Soules, four-round draw.
6—Kingsboro A. C. Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Soldier Bartfield and Italian Joe Gans, twelve-round draw.
Happy Mahony beat Jack Denley, twelve rounds.
6—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway Beach, N. Y.:
Johnny Nichols knocked out Harold Abbott, eight rounds.
Joe LeBate won from Harry Nelson, sixth round.
6—Queensboro Stadium, Long Island City, N. Y.:
Willie Fentour knocked out Frankie Weston, three rounds.
Patsy Fornunto beat Happy Smith, four rounds.
Jimmy Pecucca beat Lew Avery, four rounds.
Johnny Thompson and Charley Onderdonk, four-round draw.
Charley Lease beat Abe Rosofsky, four rounds.
Eddie Clifford knocked out Jack Ryan, one round.
Sammy Fabric beat Moe Roth, four rounds.
Joe Stocker knocked out Tom Condon, two rounds.
Otto Goldberg beat Joe Retch, four rounds.
6—Freeport Auditorium, Freeport, L. I.:
Dan O'Dowd knocked out Al Reich, eight rounds.
Marty Powell beat Herman Hardt, eight rounds.
Pete Colemand and Jimmy Roberts, eight-round draw.
Willie O'Connell beat Willie Tucker, four rounds.
6—West New York, N. J.:
Skelly Lewis beat Tommy Fay, eight rounds.
Emil Morro beat Earl Force, eight rounds.
6—Long Branch, N. J.:
Tommy Murphy beat Mickey Delmont, twelve rounds.
6—Portland, Ore.:
Rocco Etramaglia knocked out Young Hector, five rounds.
7—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Wildman Gould beat Jay Lanahan, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Hutchinson beat Jackie Coburn, six rounds.
Connie Geroge beat Patsy Brocco, six rounds.
7—Commonwealth Sporting Club:
Archie Walker knocked out Sid Buller, four rounds.
Paddy Flynn knocked out Harlem Eddie Kelly, eight rounds.
Tommy Galston beat Victor Ritchie, ten rounds.
7—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Frankie Genaro beat Tony Norman, ten rounds.
Carl Tremaine knocked out Pete Zivic, seven rounds.
Ciddy DeMarco beat Bobby Garcia, ten rounds.
8—Paris, France:
Battling Siki knocked out Marcel Nilles, second round.
9—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Benny Leonard beat Alex Hart, eight rounds.
Joe Lynch beat Bobby Wolgast, eight rounds.
Danny Kramer beat Tommy Noble, eight rounds.
Ritchie Mitchell beat George Russell, eight rounds.
Pinky Mitchell beat Nate Goldman, eight rounds.
9—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Harry Galfund beat Italian Joe Dempsey, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Amato beat Charley Murray, twelve rounds.
9—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Jimmy Mendo beat Frankie Conway, twelve rounds.
Jackie Feldman beat Bobby Burns, eight rounds.
Ray Newman beat Al Clair, eight rounds.
9—Broad A. C., Newark, N. J.:
Pal Reed beat Sailor Darden, twelve rounds.
Philly Lewis beat Al Delmont, eight rounds.
Joey Russell beat Bernie Debou, eight rounds.
Larry Roach beat Willie Davis, eight rounds.
9—Troy, N. Y.:
Jimmy Kelly and Tony Lyons, twelve-round draw.
Moe Ginsberg beat Frankie Barick, ten rounds.
9—Brighton Sporting Club, Staten Island, N. Y.:
Charley Ryder beat Tommy Gerard, twelve rounds.
9—Scranton, Pa.:
Benny Valgar beat Jimmy Goodrich, ten rounds.
9—Revere, Mass.:
Tommy Nee knocked out Henry Ford, two rounds.
9—Columbus, Ohio:
Jack Zivic beat K. O. Jeackle, twelve rounds.
10—Queensboro A. C., Long Island City, N. Y.:
Frankie Jerom beat Danny Edwards, fifteen rounds.
Vic McLaughlin beat Joe Pledge, ten rounds.
Jackie McCoy beat Frankie Sinclair, six rounds.
George Doherty beat Frankie Caruso, four rounds.
Jimmy Richards beat Joe Tobin, four rounds.
10—St. Louis, Mo.:
Jack Bernstein beat Harry Kabakoff, ten rounds.
10—Vernon, Calif.:
Jimmy O'Hagen beat Bert Colima, four rounds.
11—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Rocky Kansas beat Johnny Mendelsohn, twelve rounds.
12—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Bobby Green beat Le Roy Powell, ten rounds.
Willie Galligan beat Willie Clarkson, ten rounds.
12—New Haven, Conn:
Chick Brown beat Young Leonard, twelve rounds.
12—Boyles' Thirty Acres, Jersey City, N. J.:
Luis Angel Firpo knocked out Jess Willard, eighth round.
Floyd Johnson knocked out Jack McAuliffe II, one round.
Charley Neshert knocked out George West, four rounds.
Cliff Kramer beat Tiny Jim Herman, eight rounds.
Tom Roper beat Al Bright, eight rounds.

Dempsey-Gibbons' Editorials

(*Continued from page* 17)

Dempsey lost more than the $50,000 he failed to get. He lost a deal of drawing power for prospective bouts. No promoter would bid as high for a Dempsey match with any adversary as he would have six weeks ago. Dempsey has forfeited popular favor by exposing his commercial greed.

Of course it was a mistake to try to stage the bout at Shelby. And Manager Kearns had a good legal case for holding out for the last penny of the guarantee. But it was not sport. And the ring fans know it. Had Kearns thrown up his hands a week earlier and accepted the very same terms he did accept at the end, he would have been banking value in popularity—*New York Evening World.*



Tom Spring, the "Gentleman Jim" of a Century Ago

How the Prototype of Corbett Showed Science Could Overcome Mere Brute Strength

By NAT FLEISCHER

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OLD KING SOLOMON spoke an earful when he made his historic remark to the effect that there is nothing new under the sun. Delving back into the archives of pugilistics one can find that more than one hundred years ago there was a British champion who was the prototype of Gentleman Jim Corbett.

In those crude days of the London Prize Ring rules the slugger was pre-eminent. Brute strength was the predominant factor in the majority of the bouts of a century ago when one of the big assets was to throw an opponent and fall on him as heavily as possible.

Tom Spring's career extended from 1814 to 1824. The fans of his day used to say of him that he could not "knock a dent into a pound of butter." He was called the "lady's maid fighter," and the "china man." Still he beat the toughest sluggers and rough house artists of his day.

Corbett is generally credited with being the founder of the modern school of boxing, but if one reads carefully the stories of Spring's chief bouts he will be startled to note the striking similarity between Spring and Corbett in their ring tactics. Like Corbett, he had a fine left and his foot work was dazzling.

Spring lived at a time when the "pugs" were given to orgies of carousing between fights, but he was not that sort of person. In the ring he never punished an opponent unnecessarily. In the early days of his career he was not very popular because the fans were accustomed to see the roughest sort of tactics. Toward the end, though, he became an idol of the Britons and when he died of heart disease at the age of 56 a beautiful monument was erected to him in Norwood Cemetery.

Tom Spring, the champion of England until 1824, might be termed the

Monument Erected to the Memory of Tom Spring

Jim Corbett of his era. According to contemporaries he had no natural hits but had developed science to such a degree that he could beat the roughest maulers of his time. He was considered the greatest master of the art of self defense of his day. He offset his inability to hit hard by his remarkable ability to block and use fast footwork.

Furthermore Spring had a cool head and no one could bluff him or talk him out of his own way of milling. In looking through the fistic archives and reading of his last battle against John Langan, Irish champion from 1819 to 1824, one is strongly reminded of the modern fight between John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett at New Orleans in 1892.

The ancient bout differed in about only one respect—it was not a case of youth against age, for the Irishman was three years younger than Spring. Tom beat all but one of the men he ever met in the prize ring and unlike many of his predecessors after his retirement he lived such a clean life that he was universally respected.

Spring was born Thomas Winter at Townhope in Herefordshire, February 22, 1795, and adopted Spring as his ring name when he began to loom up In his best fighting trim he scaled at 186 pounds and was just a shade under six feet tall.

He was working for a butcher in Hereford when he was only seventeen and he tried his 'prentice hand against a burly big fellow, Hollands, who gained quite a reputation locally. The young lad had too much science and steadiness for his rival even at this tender age and won his bout.

Two years later, one Henley challenged Spring for three sovereigns a side and the bout was held on the same battle ground where he had beaten Hollands. This lasted only eleven rounds when Henley was satisfied that he had met his master. This inspired Spring to seek wider fields and in 1816 we find him in the Metropolis. A Yorkshire from Rawcliffe, by the name of Stringer, was

picked as a trial horse for the aspiring young boxer. Stringer had a rough cast of countenance but he had a frame of such anatomical perfection that he stood for a "study" before the artists of the Royal Academy. They were closely matched in weight.

Spring's speed and science was entirely too much for Stringer, but the latter was a glutton for punishment. Human nature could stand the gaff no longer and he was carried from the ring in a stupor after 29 rounds and 39 minutes of actual fighting.

It is an odd thing to note what a commentator of that date had to say of Stringer after the battle. He says: "Stringer looks like a man of forty, and it would seem has commenced pugilistics too late in the day to attain any celebrity." That sounds a lot like what has been said of Jess Willard in these days.

Spring was never once distressed in this bout and his generous behavior to his rival when he might have administered additional punishment made a great hit with the crowd.

Spring was anxious to advance as quickly as possible to the top, so he challenged Ned Painter for 100 guineas a side. It was figured that Spring had more ambition than good judgment in doing this and when Painter immediately accepted the defi Painter was a strong favorite. Many of Spring's backers ran out on him at the last minute, but a wealthy patron of the sport stepped into the breach to prevent disappointment.

They fought at Mickleham Downs, near Leatherhead, Surrey, on April Fool's Day, 1818. The first round took six minutes. There was a lot of long range sparring and for three minutes not a blow was struck. Finally Spring hit his rival a staggering blow on the side of the throat and in falling the back of his head and part of his shoulder struck one of the stakes violently.

The time keeper thought it was all over, for Painter's seconds lifted him like a sack of meal. He came to time, however. Twenty-one minutes had elapsed before the beginning of the fourth round and Painter asked his seconds "what is it?"

As we say today he had been out on his feet for two rounds. Only his superb condition enabled Painter to last for 31 rounds when he was forced to stop through sheer exhaustion. The contest lasted one hour and 29 minutes.

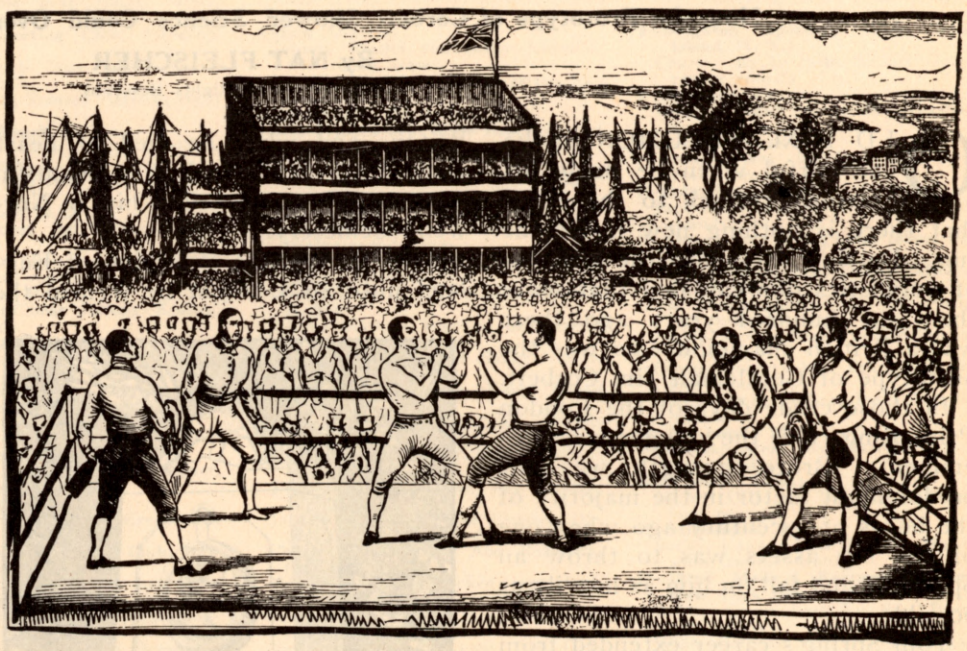
One thing that impressed strongly was Spring's fine use of the straight left and his ability to keep away from his opponent. Painter was eager for a return match as he figured that the injury he had received in hitting the stake was what had beaten him. Only nine days after the battle another was arranged and they met at a place called Russia Farm, near Kingston, in August of the same year.

A tremendous right hand blow over the eye in the first round opened a big gash on Spring, and just as the fall of Painter in their first battle in the opening round had worked ill against him, so did this blow against Spring. The latter was greatly distressed by the constant flow of blood, but he held on gamely.

At the end of the 31st round few thought that he could come to time, those days authorized the referee to have the men separated or the ropes cut to prevent a fatality. This the American party ignored or were ignorant of.

The bout took 71 rounds and 1 hour 55 minutes. It wound up with Carter going down with Spring on top of him and he could not get up. It was the consensus of ring siders that if Spring had been a punishing hitter Carter would not have lasted half the time, but all admired his defensive tactics.

Spring was now at the pinnacle of fame because of his defeat of the bragging North countryman. In company with Cribb Spring now went on a sparring tour in the West. Bill Neat, who had beaten the game Tom



First Fight of Spring and Langan on Worcester Race Course, January 24, 1824

but he stuck it out until the 42nd round when he fell dead to time. He did not give in; that is, he did not say NO.

Spring's backers still had confidence in him and were anxious to afford him an opportunity to reinstate himself. Consequently a bout was arranged with Jack Carter, "The Lancashire Hero," who was a ring figure from 1812 to 1832.

Carter used very little science but tried to wear his man down by his hugging tactics and throwing his man instead of boxing with him. It was apparent that he was trying to tire Spring. In the 26th round there was a terrific mix-up and the ropes broke. This resembled the much discussed Heenan-Sayers fight at Farnborough, where the Yankees claimed foul because the ropes were lowered when Heenan was throttling the British champion. The Prize Ring rules of

Oliver the previous year, July 10, 1818, was picked as a likely contender. Neat's backers claimed that having broken his arm in a fall he would not be well for twelve months. That ended that match but Spring collected no forfeit money. Friends of Tom Oliver then deposited five sovereigns to bind a match, but in October he received that forfeit.

Spring was at Belcher's on December 20, 1819, and "Uncle Ben" Burn, who held Spring lightly, offered to post 20 pounds to meet him at Wimbledon Common the next morning at one o'clock. Fast workers they were in those days. The affair came off and it was a burlesque in spite of the fact that Spring was out of condition.

He seldom hit but never gave away a chance. Spring hit Uncle Ben as he pleased and had him finished off at the end of the eleventh round. A third

(*Continued on page 27*)

Somnambulistic Socks or Punches That Made Sleepwalkers of Boxers

By FRANK O'CONNELL

IN the history of the ring there have been scores of knockouts registered which were funny to all but those concerned. The effect of many of these punches was to turn a boxer into what was practically a sleep walker.

One of the strangest occurrences of this sort found Carl Morris, the Sapulpa giant, the victim. In one of his early bouts his opponent was knocked cold in the second round after a terrific slugging match.

Morris dressed and walked up the street. He began to harrangue a crowd that had gathered and talked and acted as if he were out of his mind.

"I did my best," he shouted. "I hit him right on the chin, but he was too tough. I'll get him next time, though."

Suspecting something was wrong with Carl he was taken into a saloon where cold water was poured over his head and he was given a couple of drinks. He was the most surprised being in the world when he learned that he had won by a knockout. He had been virtually in a trance from the pasting he took before he landed his haymaker.

ANOTHER case of a fighter in a trance was noted several years ago at Hot Springs, Ark. Tommy Gilfeather and Eddie Barnsback were the contenders and the bout went twenty rounds. Quite a while before the limit was reached Gilfeather swung one right to the button and shook Eddie badly. When it was over Barnsback apparently was all right, for he dressed, collected his money and went his way.

About an hour later he dropped into a barber shop for a shave. When a hot towel was applied to his face he jumped up with a yell, "I'm not hurt. Don't stop it. I can go on."

He had really been out on his feet and was that way until the steaming towel revived him. He had no idea of the outcome of the bout until the barber told him.

YEARS ago in Stockton, Cal., there was a negro fighter, Ben Maxwell who was an awful hitter but a terrible bust as a boxer. He was matched against a chap named Manges who was a very fancy fist worker. At the sound of the gong Manges stepped out and did some didoes to make Ben look cheap. The latter took a peek over his gloves let fly and caught Manges plunk on the chin.

The punch was so hard that it lifted Manges straight up in the air and landed on his back on the top rope. Then he tumbled out to the floor below the ring on his head. Everyone thought his neck was broken. He was boosted back into the ring to be given restoratives. When his hand touched the ropes he opened his eyes with a start and shouted:

"Save the women and children! I'm a good swimmer!

DENVER ED. MARTIN who was close to the top notch heavyweights of thirty years ago used to tell one of a lad he was seconding in a preliminary bout in Tacoma, Wash. This youngster was quite promising but in the bout referred to he bumped into one that had him out for nearly half an hour. Martin was afraid he was out for good and was relieved when he saw him coming around.

"It's all right," said the lad, "but I'm going to have him arrested."

"Who?" asked Martin.

"The fellow who threw that brick at me," was the reply: "He nearly killed me."

History of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 26)

match with Painter was projected but his backers thought a bout with Oliver would be a safer investment and it ended in a forfeit.

Uncle Ben did not relish the beating he took, so he arranged a match with Bob Burn, which took place at Epsom Downs May 16, 1820. Some time previous to this this pair had been matched, but Spring was obliged to forfeit because of ill health.

Spring scored clean knockdowns in the first five rounds without going down with his man, and stopped him in 18 rounds.

This was pronounced a bad fight, but the sports could not help but admire his style and his skill in not "going to work" too rashly because of his poor condition. The judges insisted Spring was not a hard hitter, but he hit so often that the blows ultimately proved effective.

Backers of men to fight Spring now became rather chary and he had quite a spell of idleness. Friends of Tom Oliver, who were anxious to keep the game alive, made a match for 100 pounds a side. There was a merry chase to elude the magistrates, but finally the ring was pitched at Hayes.

Oliver was severely punished and it looked after a heavy fall in the sixth as if he could not continue. Oliver could not get at Spring. Oliver hung on gamely. In the nineteenth round Oliver's friend, Clark, thinking he could not win, went into the ring and threw up his hat, but Tom refused to quit.

It finally ended after 55 minutes in the utmost confusion when Oliver couldn't get off his second's knee. Spring really won this battle three times. The prejudice which had existed as to Spring's not being a hard hitter was dissipated in this battle, as Oliver was terribly punched while Spring didn't have a mark on him.

On Tom Cribb's retirement as champion Spring considered himself the title holder, and he was Cribb's idol. On March 25, 1821, he offered by public advertisement to fight any man in England, the challenge to stand for three months.

This was not accepted, but he agreed five months later to fight Neat. In the meantime he had married and settled down as host of the Wymouth Arms Tavern. The match fell through and the mist was not dispelled until May, 1823. The battle took place at Hinkley Downs and upward of 30,000 persons saw it from a natural amphitheatre.

The "lady's maid fighter," the "china man" as he had been designated, scored the first knockdown between nine and ten minutes and first blood in the next round. The battle was over in 37 minutes, and eight rounds. Neat

(*Continued on page* 38)

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

LOU BRIX and his battler, Frankie Jerome, are keeping on the move filling engagements. Frankie has been performing at the rate of three times per month, and hasn't shown any signs of weakening. Only lately he traveled to Hartford, Conn., where he took on the rugged Kid Lewis, and handed him a decisive licking. "Making Hay While the Sun Shines" fits Frankie to perfection.

Sammy Vogel of Harlem, more familiarly known as "the Pocket Edition of Benny Leonard," is making things hum in the pugilistic world. Sammy has won fifteen straight victories, eight with knockouts, and is still going strong. Sammy is handicapped by the 21 year old ruling, but has licked the top-notchers in the six round route.

Dick Curley, the Chicago impresario, has opened up offices in the Churchill Bldg., New York City. Maurie Waxman has been appointed his eastern representative. They have Mike Dundee, featherweight; Sailor Friedman, lightweight; Frankie Schaeffer, featherweight, and Herbie Schaeffer, flyweight, under their wings.

Joe Malone, the present state amateur bantamweight champion, has announced his intentions of turning pro. He will be seen in action shortly.

Ray Arcel, who trains K. O. Phil Kaplan, Benny Valger and Abe Goldstein, claims to have the three next champions in their respective classes under his guidance. Ray is a first class handler in the corner, and is an asset to anyone under his care

Lew Paluso, the Salt Lake City youngster, who was brought east by Jack Dempsey, has shown marked improvement in every start. He is ready for a crack at the newly won featherweight title held by Eugene Criqui. Lew holds decisions over Red Chapman, Eddie Fletcher, Earl Baird, Irving Jampol.

Harry Kid Brown, the classy Philadelphia lightweight, has moved his headquarters to this city. In his initial start here he won a well merited victory over the veteran Mel Coogan in twelve fast rounds. Harry faces Junior Lightweight Champion Jack Bernstein on July 30th in Philly.

Jackie Marlowe, the Rockaway Beach bantam, is displaying fine punching ability in his battles. In his last start he scored a two round knockout over Ben Bailey.

Willie Beecher, the retired lightweight, who was a prominent figure in his division several years ago, has opened a first class gymnasium in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn and is making a big success of his venture.

Johnny Clinton, the veteran lightweight from the east side, is still going strong after fourteen years of ring service. Johnny has been licking his competitors with frequent regularity, and is in line for another shot at Leonard's crown.

Nick Quagliarelli, the former amateur, has had uninterrupted success battling in the pro ranks. Up to date he has won thirteen straight victories. His best weight is 115 lbs.

Johnny Williams, the New York lightweight, who fought several good fights around Chicago, including one with Charley White, will return to New York soon.

Harry Balogh, who is an announcer at the local fight clubs, is a worthy contender to Joe Humphries for vocal honors. Harry's clear resounding voice does not need repeating. He is a mighty popular figure around fistic circles in the locality.

Benny Gould, the featherweight champion of Canada, who created a surprise when he knocked out Charley Beecher, and in turn was stopped by Mike Dundee, has resumed training for another comeback. Benny's jaw was broken in the first round of his tilt with Dundee, and he gamely continued until the referee stopped the bout in the fifth session. He wants a return go with Mike.

Billy Bell, Charley Rose's flyweight contender, is one of the busiest battlers in captivity. Billy just returned from Shreveport, La., where he fought fifteen slashing rounds with Delos Kid Williams. Without taking a second breath he went to Toronto, where he fought Eddie Mack ten rounds.

Moe Ginsberg, the crack east side featherweight, recently defeated the veteran Dutch Brandt at the Freeport Auditorium, in twelve fast rounds. Ginsberg followed up a week later with a sensational ten round draw with Joey Silvers, another rising featherweight. Ginsberg is being handled by George Sieger and Lew Barnett.

Harry Foster, the east side bantam, has taken a rest for the summer and will be on the sidelines for the next two months.

Jack Stark, after being on the sidelines for over five months, celebrated his return to the ring by beating Willie "Piper" Todd in four rounds at the Velodrome show.

Harry London, Harlem's bantamweight, has been playing in hard luck for the past few weeks right after whipping Danny Lee at the Commonwealth Club. London sprained his left arm, and went into a match with Terry Martin and lost. A close decision. His manager, Phil Bernstein, had to cancel several battles he had booked for the crashing Cossack.

The Manila Olympic Club has cabled an offer of $30,000 to the manager of Frankie Genaro, conqueror of Pancho Villa, for a twenty round bout, title bout, against Villa, the Oriental flyweight champion.

Sam Mossberg, former world's amateur lightweight champion, has placed himself under the management of Phil Bernstein. Mosberg has not shown his wares around this part since his return from Australia, where he fought three twenty-round bouts.

Frankie Genaro, the American flyweight champion, has been matched to box Bud Wallace, at Columbus, Ohio, on Saturday afternoon, July 30th. Genaro is still aching to get a crack at Joe Lynch's title before long, the Wallace match will be to a referee's decision. As for Pancho Villa he can have a return match any time he wishes it.

Sid Bernard, "the Brooklyn High School Boy," who just returned from a trip to the Coast, where he fought several bouts, is now ready for the leading featherweights of the vicinity. Johnny Attell is handling his affairs.

Sid Terris was invited by Lightweight Champion Benny Leonard to go to Benny's camp to act as a sparring partner. Leonard has located at Tannonsville, N. Y., where he is training for the coming Tendler bout. Sidney has accepted the invitation and will do his best to get the champ into the best of shape.

Johnny Vestri, the Lew Tendler of the bantamweights, is still going strong. He hasn't lost a fight yet, but fought three tough battles with Charley Delacarti, winning two and drawing in the other.

Jimmy Hutchinson, younger brother of the late Hughie, has won 27 consecutive victories. He has met some of the best men around these parts. Jimmy is invincible whenever he really trains for a fight.

Willie Jackson is training for another "comeback." Willie has seen his best days in the ring but cannot realize that fact. He refuses to be convinced to the contrary.

Archie Walker, one of the best lightweights around, has passed his 21st birthday and is now ready to mingle with the best of them. He has decisions over Freddy Welsh, Jack Bernstein, Bobby Michaels and Sailor Byron.

Bobby Walker, pugilistic product of Staten Island, issues challenges to the various flyweights. Bobby has a good record and is capable of giving any of them a stiff go.

Sammy Mossberg, who recently made a trip to Australia, has returned in quest of battles. Sammy held the Olympic lightweight championship several years ago. He has held his own with the leading contenders in his class.

Carl Duane, the Bronx Steam-Roller, gave a wonderful exhibition of natural fighting ability when he polished off Billy Ryckoff, the Brooklyn bantam, in two rounds on the same show. Duane's best weight is 122 lbs. If he tackles featherweights in the future he will advance further than by reducing and trying to make the 118 lb. limit.

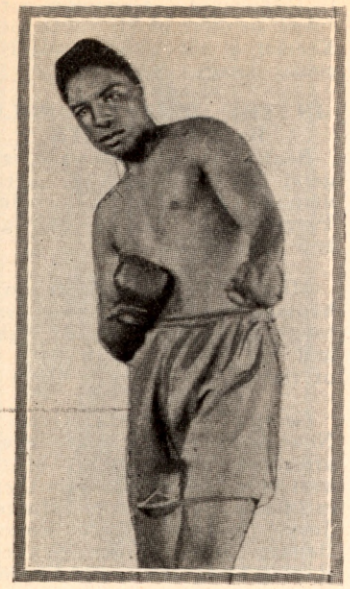
Willie O'Connell of the west side, former amateur flyweight champion, who is battling with great success in the pro ranks, is now on the lookout for a capable manager to handle his affairs. Willie was formerly under the management of Eddie Mead, and compiled forty victories out of forty-one bouts. He has won decisions over many of the local stars.

Sammy Bienfeld, the east side flyweight, who has been winning consistently since his entry into the professional ranks, scored the most important victory of his short career when he beat Nat Pincus at the New York Velodrome, in a great four round battle. Sammy has two deadly rivals to dispose of before he meets the real good flyweights. They are Jack Snyder and Corporal Izzy Schwartz.

CORRECTIONS OF ERRORS

Errors will creep in despite constant vigil to avoid them and "The Ring" is glad to correct misstatements and right injustices. In the last issue of "The Ring" it was stated that Luis Angel Firpo had knocked out Tiny Jim Herman, a very promising light heavyweight who rapidly has been coming to the front. "The Ring" wants to correct that statement. The man knocked out by Firpo was Italian Jack Herman, an entirely different person. Tiny Jim has never been knocked out and recently knocked out Al Reich.

"The Ring" also gave the number of rounds in which Wolgast defeated Nelson as 20 when it should have read 43.



Battling Monroe, of Omaha, light heavyweight champion of New Mexico

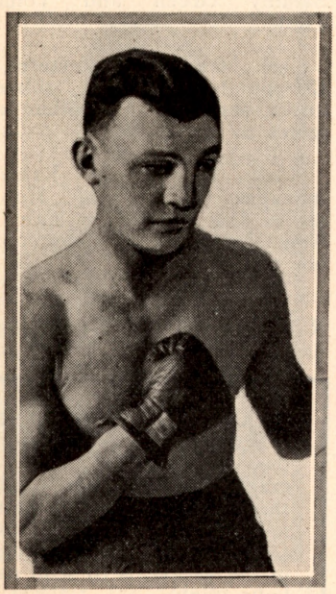
WITH THE NEW ORLEANS LEATHER PUSHERS
By JOHN COX

New York fighters are having much success in New Orleans rings against local opponents. Mel Coogan, the classy Flatbush terror, gave Billy McCann a sound trouncing in 15 rounds here recently. Coogan is in line for a match with Basile Galiano. When the two meet a $10,000 house is predicted to view the match. Three local promoters are after the Coogan-Galiano clash.

Eddie Brady, Joe Golden and Jersey Jones, star 126 pounder, won a fifteen round decision over Kid Koster here in the feature bout of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club show, July 4. They drew a $6,600 house.

The Young Men's Gymnastic Club is the newest acquisition to the local promoting field. Lenny Elmer and Bill Coker are the joint matchmakers.

Their first show, a 15-round tilt for the Southern lightweight title, featured Basile Galiano and Pal Moran. The house went $10,000.



Jakie Mellman, latest featherweight flash of Columbus, O.

Eddie McKenna, another New Yorker who was in Paddy Mullin's stable while in Gotham, knocked out Bill Kennedy and Pascal Colletti in two starts here.

Young Stribling, the 19 year old Macon high school boxer, won 12 rounds of a 15 round bout with Harry "Happy" Howard, the New York middleweight, in a recent mill at Shreveport. Howard was outclassed from the start.

Pete Herman, who was reported to have recovered the sight of one eye, has improved but little. The former bantam champion cannot see enough to recognize lifetime friends.

Herman made his debut as a manager by sending Louis Martin, a former amateur, to the post a winner in Martin's first professional start.

Pete contemplates adding several more fighters to his stable. Tony Polozzollo, for years the champion's trainer, will condition Pete's boxers.

Eddie Coulon has left for New York. Coulon is fresh from victories over Harold Smith and Frankie Osner.

Young Fisher, the Syracuse caveman, will meet Jimmy King here in a 15 round battle July 27. Fisher is a stablemate of Joe Lynch, bantamweight champion. Fisher has won decisions over some of the leading fighters in the country.

Al Pettingill defended his Southern flyweight title in a 10 round mill against Young Secara, the most dangerous of his rivals. They drew a $3,000 house. Secara is a terrific right hand puncher. Pettingill won the decision after a hard battle.

Kid Carlin, a Jeanerette, La., youth, is coming along in good style. He has not lost a battle in 12 starts. They are talking of matching him with Al Pettingill in the near future. Pettingill has demanded $750 for a ten round mill with Carlin.

Bill Wellman, the Detroit promoter, has offered Pettingill a match with Frankie Genaro at the Detroit Coliseum, July 27.

Joe Cook, a featherweight under the management of Tom Littleton, brother of the famous "Happy" Littleton, is making rapid progress in the featherweight ranks.

Adam Serpas has a likely looking ring prospect in "Stringbean" Feraci, an elongated youth with a world of speed and a mean right hand wallop. Feraci contemplates a visit in the near future to the "Roaring Forties." Serpas will accompany Feraci.

Basile Galiano, Southern lightweight champion, and Red Walsh, his manager, have returned from Philadelphia. Galiano's match with Johnny Clinton was canceled when Gally injured his nose in a workout with Eddie Kid Wagner in Philly previous to the bout.

Walsh and Galiano return to Philadelphia shortly. Gally meets Bobby Barrett in a ten rounder July 30.

Jimmy O'Gattey, the New York middleweight, will meet Red Hill, Dude Martinez or some other opponent here in August. The Y. M. G. C. has booked O'Gattey for a local bout.

Johnny Howard, the fighting "copper" from Bayonne, N. J., who gave Happy Littleton the fight of his life in Littleton's debut at Madison Square Garden, will also meet Martinez here in August.

Red Hill and Dude Martinez have been matched for a 20 round bout here July 23. Hill holds two victories over the Dude. He is the only boy to ever defeat Martinez.

Percy Vinet, a product of the amateur ranks, has won his four professional stars. He is being touted by Johnny Nunemacher, local politician, and Rodney Bridges, his manager, as the most promising young fighter here.

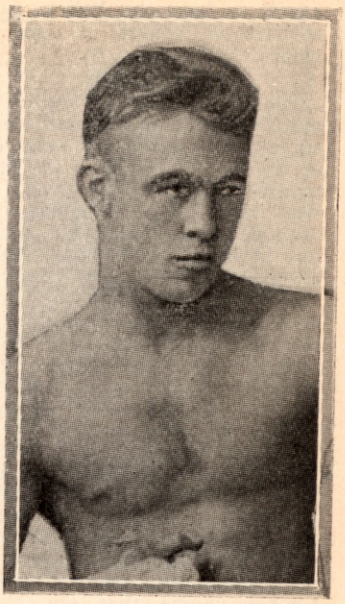
Vinet has displayed class, coolness and a fair punch in all his local engagements.

FISTIC GOSSIP FROM THE SOUTHLAND
By MAL McGILVERY

Looks like Happy Harry Howard, New York middleweight will find himself without opponents in the near future judging by the manner in which he is bowling 'em over in the Southland of late. After he had cooled George Shade, Californian middle in the second round of their scheduled 15 rounder at Shreveport, La., the promoters imported Jack Rivers, South American-Mexican, to face the lanky Easterner. The swarthy son of the land south of the Rio Grande fared little better than Shade and four minutes of actual fisticuffs sufficed to show that Rivers was not in Howard's class at any stage of the game.

The boost given in the columns of "The Ring" some months ago relative to the genuine abilities of Kid Delos Williams, Shreveport 115 pounder to mingle with the best in his poundage has been deserved, judging by the manner in which he gained a points decision over Fighting Billy Bell of New York in Shreveport last month. The little Louisiana mitt artiste made the Empire city laddie look foolish every minute after the fourth stanza and the verdict was never in doubt.

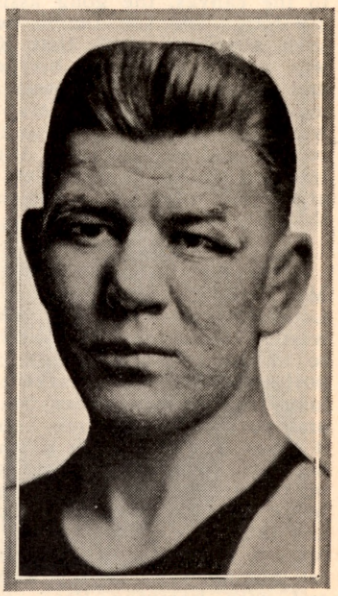
Monroe, north-eastern section of Louisiana and which harbors the largest carbon-black fields in the world, has been admitted



Frankie Olson, junior welterweight of Westwood, N. J.

to membership by the state boxing commission and before these lines appear in print, the first legalized boxing bouts ever staged in that city will have been held. Monroe is one of the live-wire centers of Louisiana and with every citizen from Mayor Arnold Bernstein down to the dog catcher boosting for the gloved sport, looks like the Monroe Athletic Club should get off to a great start.

With the new club now under way, Shreveport promoters less than 100 miles away will be enabled to bring many of the leading boxers from the Eastern and mid-Western boxing centers and with the offer of two guaranteed appearances should be able to cut down on the biggest drawback, namely, the costly transportation "nut." Louisiana has now nine fistic centers and National Boxing Association President, Richard T. Burke, who is secretary of the state commission is sanguine that before the winter comes



Alex Novecky, Polish lightweight champion, who is being managed by Biddy Bishop of Cincinnati

again, to have the Pelican state surpass all others in gate receipts. Let's hope so.

Happy Howard, New York middleweight who had been traveling at a 100 per cent. clip in the South for the past three months was forced to strike his flag to Young Stribling, the Macon, Ga., 18 year old school boy at Shreveport, June 27th in a scheduled 15 rounds. Only in one round, the eighth, did Howard show anything worthy of his past reputation. The battle was so one-sided that fans were never in doubt as to the final outcome of the melee, the raising of Stribling's glove at the close being simply a perfunctory one. It did not develop until later that Stribling had broken his right forearm in his contest against Frank Carbonne two weeks previously and it was not until Stribling's return to his Georgia home that six X-ray photographs showed the youngster had fractured his left arm in the Howard encounter. The boy is such a clean sportsman that he did not mention the handicap under which he had labored.

Erbie Moak, the junior lightweight champion of the South and logical holder of the Northern Louisiana lightweight title is after bigger game following his kayo defeat of Kid Flake at Galveston, Tex. Cyclone, who had returned to his seaside home after a six months stay in New York where he was under the management of Val Fitzpatrick. The Cyclone was made to resemble a perfectly sound zephyr.

In the first four rounds, Flake had Moak looking like a badly bent deuce and none in the crowded house at Shreveport would have given a plugged nickel for the chances of Erbie. Starting out in the fifth frame with everything against him, Moak battled to even terms and then turned the tables on the erstwhile challenger of Johnny Dundee. Flake took four flops to the canvas, the gong assisting him. The last tumble was such a severe crash that Kid was unable to regain his feet and although his brain was almost clear, his legs were so wobbly he could not get to the scratch and so lost out. A return match has been hinted at and should play to an immense throng.

With the formation of the Monroe A. C. eastern section of Louisiana, eastern and midwestern boxers will be catered to in the future and with opportunities offered to make the long trip to the Pelican State, and participate in three bouts, it looks that the South is waking up. Monroe, in the heart of the recently discovered gas fields, the richest in the world—and that's taking in some territory, is the center of the greatest boxing fans in the South and with Forsythe Park, city property leased to the owners of the newly formed club, big things are looked for.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN, The North American

Under the guidance of Messrs. Bobby Gunnis and Herman Taylor, the open air bouts at the Phillies Park this summer are proving popular. The Tendler-Moran and Leonard-Hart windups both attracted big crowds and the promoters have several more big cards in view.

One of the first moves made by Harry (Kid) Brown after getting away from Phil Glassman was to announce that he would like to meet Lew Tendler. Brown and Tendler have sparred together for many years but never have met in a regular bout because they were in the same stable.

Jimmy Dougherty, "the Baron of Leiperville," who refereed Dempsey-Tom Gibbons brawl at Shelby on July Fourth, has taken over the reins of Leo Dillon, a middleweight boxer. Dillon recently returned from a successful western trip.

Summer indoor shows are being run at the old National Athletic Club by Charley Cross. He has been staging the bouts every Friday night and has attracted fairly good crowds throughout the hot days. Charley Cross was started in the boxing game by Herman Taylor.

Jack Darcy, former California lightweight, who is now making his home in Atlantic City, has been taken over by Willie Edwards. Darcy is now in the same stable with Young Jack Dempsey and Midget Kilburn.

Manager Joe Kennedy declares that Tim Droney, the Lancaster lightweight, is going like "a house afire." Droney proved he could punch when he recently dropped Lew Tendler for a short count in an open air show at Allentown. One of his latest conquests was over Jimmy Finley in Louisville. Droney is now on the trail of George (Knockout) Chaney.

Tommy Murphy made his return appearance in Philadelphia after being in the west for several years by knocking out Buzz Grinnan. Manager Otto Hughes believes he has one of the best junior lightweights in the country.

Max (Boo Boo) Hoff will stage his second outdoor show at Shetzline Park July 30 when welterweight champion Mickey Walker will appear in the windup. The rest of the card is correspondingly attractive.

Benny Pascal and Al Monahan put up such a thrilling battle at the Logan A. A. outdoor show that they were rematched by Adam Ryan. There is always plenty of fireworks when they collide.

Now that he has staged a good comeback by beating Johnny Donnelly, Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights lightweight, is anxious to step out with any of the best boys in his class. Barrett was the "under battler" when he faced Donnelly but he came through in great shape.

Friends of Tommy Loughran, the South Philadelphia middleweight, were elated over his victory over Mike McTigue, the conqueror of Battling Siki. "I would like to fight McTigue every night in the week," said Loughran. "He is made to measure for me."

Bobby Wolgast, who has outpointed some of the greatest little fellows in the world, continues to go along at a winning clip and finds plenty of work.

Up in Kensington they believe that they have one of the coming lightweights in Nate Goldman. He has rocked any number of rivals to sleep and never fails to put up a great battle.

Freddy Nitchie's gymnasium is a busy place these days with Marty Gold, Joe Desmond, Pat Haley, Al Markie, Billy Richards, Young Chappie, Eddie Kane, Johnny Walters, Georgie Neilan, Johnny Doersch, Jimmy McGovern, Jules Andrien, Willie Patterson and Johnny Krauss can be seen working out almost every day.

Robert H. Gunnis, boxing promoter and candidate for state boxing commissioner, gave a talk on the manly art of self-defense over the radio at Lit Brothers' broadcasting station recently.

If Herman Taylor, local boxing impresario, can induce Pancho Villa, world's flyweight champion, to meet Patsy Wallace, local crack, he intends to stage the bout at the Philadelphia National League Park probably the second week in August. Wallace met Villa when the latter was the American flyweight champion, and the newspapers were divided as to the winner. The contest was an eight round no decision affair staged at the Olympia A. A.

Johnny Mealey, one of Philadelphia's hopes in the lightweight division, is on the warpath again after a long layoff due to illness. Mealey may soon be seen in one of the all star bouts at the National League Park shortly.

Joe Benjamin, claimaint of the Pacific Coast lightweight championship, is in line for plenty of work in Philadelphia as soon as he comes east. Benjamin's pleasing style of milling has endeared him into the hearts of the Philadelphia fans, who are anxious to see him opposed to Lew Tendler.

Danny Kramer, hard hitting southpaw featherweight, is finding it hard to get opponents. Kramer's terrific punching evidently has them all scared, as the promoters find it extremely hard to secure any of the 126 pounders to meet him. Eugene Criqui, newly crowned world's featherweight champion, refused an offer of $17,500 to meet Kramer at the Philadelphia National League Ball Park.

IN THE JERSEY JUNGLE
By DAVE SMITH

Benny Cross, of Newark, is a good 120 boy. He has met a number of good boys, including Petey Mack, Bobby McNight and Jimmy Lewis.

Mickey Walter, of Harrison, a bantam, has been meeting some tough boys in his latest fights and has held his own with all of them.

George Rittenger's Gym in Newark is a busy place every afternoon, as a number of the best boys in Newark train there, including Sailor Tom Maxted, Joey "Spark Plug" Russell, Benny Cross, Micky Walters, Rabbit Long and Irish Fagan.

Al. Wortman, a heavyweight from Irvington, has been winning all of his fights around Newark.

Lew Ferry, of Harrison, a middleweight, is doing some good fighting around New Jersey.

Tommy Girrard, of Newark, is another boy who is coming along. He fought Charlie Ryder of Staten Island, recently in Newark and gave him a good trimming. Tommy is a clever boy and carries a sock in either hand.

The Broad A. C., of Newark, is furnishing the Newark fans with plenty of action and is using nothing but stars in its shows. The promoters usually put on four ten-round bouts, using such boys as Elivo Flores, Eddie Shevlin, K. O. Phil Kaplin, Charlie Ryder, Champion Mickey Walker and Joey "Spark Plug" Russell.

Johnny Authes, of Elizabeth, the man who made Mickey Walker, has gotten a good stable of fighters now. Among his stars are Jack McFarland, Sammy Green and Tommy Tigue.

Carl Morris, of Carteret, a 133-pound boy, has thirteen knock-outs and five other victories to his credit.

Buck Walker, of Rahway, manager of Young Hobby, claims that the welterweights of New Jersey are side-stepping his man.

Lester Applebaum is another Rahway boy who is making a name for himself by his good

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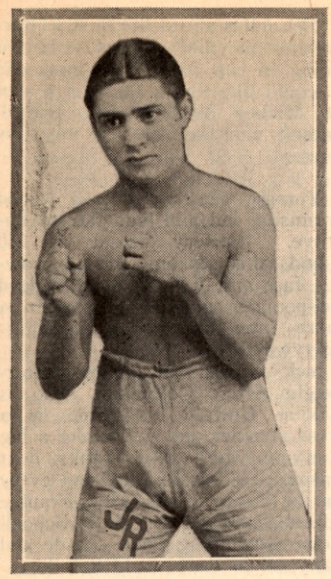
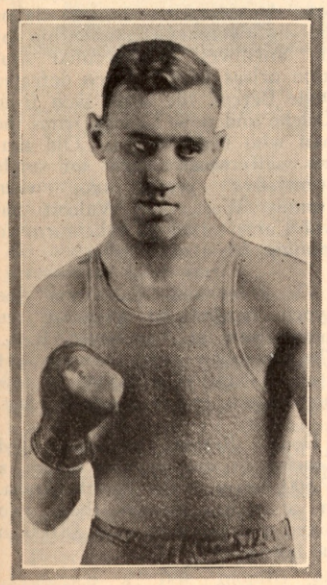


Spark Plug Joey Russell, of Rahway, N. J., a flyweight who is making rapid progress

fighting. He has only been fighting a year and has seven knock-outs and five victories to his credit. With the proper kind of piloting this boy will be one of the leading lightweights in another year for he is a clever two-fisted fighter.

George Ward, of Elizabeth, is still trying to get Mickey Walker in a ring with him where decisions are given, but Jack Bulger, manager of Walker, don't seem to care much about having his charge meet Ward in a decision bout.

Joey "Spark Plug" Russell, the sensational flyweight of Newark, is after a bout with Pancho Villa or Frankie Genaro. He has beaten the best boys among New Jerseyites, including Bobby Wolgast, Johnny Ray, Benny Pascall and Johnny Green and Johnny Gannon, of Brooklyn, two of Jack Bulger's stars. Russell is the type of fighter that always makes a hit with the fans as he never stops fighting from start to finish. Joey is under the direction of Jimmy Brienza and Dave Smith of Newark.



Philadelphia Joe Stanley, a 124-pounder, who is doing well in the New England States

Lew Seltzer, the Newark welterweight is now under the management of Jack Bulger.

Jimmy Brienza and Dave Smith have joined forces and are managing Johnny Dixon, Joe Jackson, Terry Driscoll, Irish Fagan, Joey "Spark Plug" Russell, Sailor Morse, Teddy Smacker, Mickey Delmont, Sammy Wilson and Harry Mason. They are located in the Broad A. C. offices in the Superb Bldg., Newark.

Gus Troxler is furnishing the fans with plenty of action in Newark with his weekly shows. Troxler books 44 rounds of boxing every Friday night at the Broad A. C. arena, and to make sure that the fans get enough action for their money he offers a bonus to every boy who scores a K. O. Gus gives any of the local boys an opportunity to break into the fighting game by putting them on at his shows. Troxler also has a well equipped gym on Market street where the boys can train for their bouts.

Bobby Wolgast, the Atlantic City flyweight who met Frankie Genaro and Pancho Villa in Philadelphia recently is getting plenty of work around Philly, as he is one of the best little boys in the game.

Harry Mason, of Perth Amboy, looks to be the best light-heavyweight prospect around New Jersey as he has been winning all of his fights with ease, in fact, none of the boys he has met so far have had a chance with him because he is as clever as they make them, and carries a good punch in either hand.

Battling Peach, the little Italian bantam of Newark, who came over to this country about five months ago, is considered one of the best little boys around Newark.

Teddy Smacka, the Greek bantam champion who has been idle for some time is now ready to resume ring activities and would like to meet any of the boys in his class.

Billy Lewis, the good little 112-pound boy of Westfield, would like to meet some of the boys in his class.

Johnny Dixon, the clever little bantam of Newark, is in great demand by the promoters in New Jersey as he is boxing on the average of two times a week.

No doubt it will be of interest to managers of boxers to note that the following clubs are now operating in New Jersey:

Broad, A. C., 128 Market St., Newark. — Matchmaker, Harry Blaufuss.

Paddy McGuizans.—Harrison.

Airport, Atlantic City. — Joe Griffo.

Northside, Atlantic City. — Johnny McGuire.

Orange Sporting Club. Orange —Laddy Kussy.

Oakland A. C., Jersey City.—Lou Diamond.

Paterson Sportsmen's Club, Paterson.—Bob Malone.

Long Branch A. C., Long Branch.—Jack Moore.

Troxlers, 100 Market St., Newark.—Gus Troxler.

BOXING NEWS FROM QUEBEC
By MAXIE LEWIS

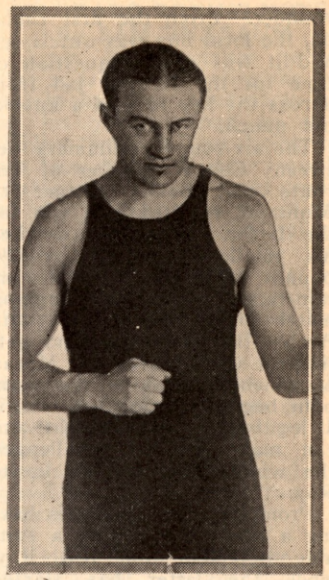
What showed promise of being a good battle was terminated in the third round of the main bout between Wolf Larsen of Brooklyn and Lee Anderson of Berlin, N. H., here recently. This bout was the feature of the card held under the auspices of the Quebec Sporting Club at the Armories on June 11th. The end came when Anderson landed an uppercut which landed low and the "Wolf" sank to the canvas in great pain.

The semi-final between Joe Stanley, of Philadelphia, but now of Lewiston, Me., and Harry Stone, of Toronto, was a humdinger while it lasted. Stanley was far too clever for Stone and packed a heavier punch. Stone showed great gameness by staying as long as he did. The preliminaries were good and full of action.

Ralph McNaughton "Canadian Premier Flyweight boxer" and "pride of Quebec" demonstrated to the fans that the previous K. O. that "Kid" Durand, of Montreal, scored over him was a fluke and the result of a lucky punch, when in ten one-sided rounds he hammered Durand from pillar to post, getting the popular decision of both judges and the acclamation of the fans. Left hook followed left hook until Durand's face looked like an overripe tomato and still the game little Frenchman refused to admit defeat, and came tearing in like a young tiger.

Durand had one of his eyes closed in the early part of the bout but he didn't let a little thing like that bother him. It was just a case of a boxer against a rugged fighter and the latter took place money. This was the star bout of the card arranged by Joe Montminy, of the Quebec S. C. at the Imperial Theatre on July 2nd. The semi-final between "Kid" Gagnon and "Jake" Sherman resulted in a win for the former. In this case Jake was the victim of a raw decision, the fans showing their disapproval by hissing the judges. In the preliminaries Young Carpentier scored a one-round K. O. over Kid Bertrand, while Kid Burns duplicated the feat over Young Ritchie.

By winning over Durand, McNaughton won the Montminy Flyweight Championship of Quebec Province and with it a gold belt. As Jimmy Britt of Montreal, defeated Alec Burlie of Toronto, and the best Burlie could get with McNaughton was an unpopular draw verdict after the latter was forced to take off



Dick Newman, a Middle West lightweight, who is handled by Jay J. Thomas

¾ of a pound the day of the fight to comply with a signed contract, that about makes this little Quebec Irishman the Flyweight Champion of Canada, and worthy of the title, too.

MONTREAL GOSSIP
By MAXIE LEWIS

Kid Roy, the Canadian Featherweight Champion, defended his recently-won title for the first time on June 25th at the Olympic A. C. Eddie Pinchot, of Charleroi, Pa., his opponent, lasted less than one round; a left hook to the jaw immediately followed by a right hook to the same place, knocked Pinchot flatter than a Childs' Restaurant Buckwheat Cake. Previous to that Pinchot was knocked down, but he arose without a count and resumed fighting.

In the semi-windup, Philadelphia Joe Stanley, K. O'd George Girardin of this city, in the 3rd round of a scheduled ten-

Bing Conley, who is known as the Irish middleweight champion of New England

rounder. From the first round on, the local boy was outclassed and it was only a question of time for the Hebrew lad from across the line to land a knock-out punch.

The six-round preliminary between "Chuck" Merker of Toronto and Benny Littner of Montreal, resulted in a win for the latter. Littner outweighed his smaller opponent by 8½ pounds. The four round curtain-raiser was a real slugging match from the start witn Archie Brown of Scotland getting the verdict over Kid Moran of Quebec. Before the main bout began, Joe Stanley, who is a legitimate featherweight and can make 124 lbs., challenged the winner, so now it's up to Roy.

Promoter Alec Moore is having a hard time getting a suitable opponent for Kid Roy, since the latter has started knocking 'em all dead. Mr. Moore is dickering with the managers of Joe Lynch and Midget Smith, but those shrewd gentlemen ask more money than Mr. Moore would care to pay. Who goes to New York for opponents when we have Joe Stanley in our midst? Roy and Stanley are sure to jam a house and Stanley doesn't want all the gate-receipts either.

Solly Green, local lightweight star, will meet Jimmy Goodrich at Toronto shortly. Solly is a great fighter if he would only get enough action to keep him in trim.

Russ Leighton, proprietor of the Mount Royal Billiard Hall, shortly will open a new gymnasium. The new gym. will be the last word in equipment and service for the boxer and athlete.

CHICAGO BOXING NOTES
By ART WINCH

Every time there is a demand for a match between Leonard and Charlie White, Gibson, Leonard's manager, springs some new excuse. A year ago they gave excuse that Leonard had bad teeth, now they state that White deteriorated and is looking for the loser's end, forgetting that White is financially fixed so that he does not need the loser's end. White wants to fight Leonard because of the determination implanted in him to get that championship from Leonard.

"Leonard was almost crushed by his slender and lighter opponent. Twelve thousand fans saw a world's champion humiliated and very nearly disgraced. Leonard was completely lost before White's educated left hook and showed it."—A. J. Schinner, Sporting Editor, *Wisconsin News.*

"Twelve thousand fans saw White in the 5th round catch Leonard on the chin with one of his left hooks and knock him clear through the ropes. Leonard was accorded a punching treatment that is seldom the lot of a champion."—Ray Pearson, *Chicago Daily Tribune.*

"In the fifth round, White propped a left upper cut on Leonard's chin which drove the lightweight king through the ropes and out of the ring. The referee counted five over him and discontinued, giving Leonard the benefit of the doubt as or to whether or not he could have arisen without outside effort."—*Wisconsin News.*

"From the first to the eighth round it seemed that nothing but a bolt from the heavy clouds could keep White from being an uncrowned king."—Ed. W. Smith, sporting Editor *Chicago Evening American.*

Perhaps the above reports from well known critics present at the encounter between Leonard and White have something to do with the excuse that Gibson and Leonard make when a return engagement with Whit eis in the air.

Harold Smith, stockyards bantamweight, will start training again, after a two months lay off, on account of a split ear which he received in his last bout with Lew Hurley of New York. Smith was winning from Hurley, when the referee stopped the bout in the fifth round. Smith's ear was in bad shape, and he could not continue. He had a sore ear before he entered the ring, which he got in training.

Since Mayor Dever put the lid on boxing in Chicago, the fans are traveling to East Chicago and to Aurora, Ill., to see boxing contests. East Chicago is running shows every two weeks. Promoter Jim Mullen who is now running shows in Aurora, will stage one every two weeks, on the dates that East Chicago does not run. Mullen will use all high class talent for his shows. He is trying to sign Rocky Kansas for Charlie White. Another match that Mullen wants is Harold Smith with Joe Lynch.

Tommy O'Brien, California lightweight is now making Chicago his home. He is after a match with Charlie White, Sailor Friedman or any of the other lightweights here. O'Brien has boxed the best boys in the country, such as Pinkie Mitchell, Joe Jawson, Johnny Mendolson, Johnny Dundee and others. Manager Phil Elwell is having a hard time to work around here in Chicago, and wants to know why most of the lightweights in the country do not want to box O'Brien.

Denny O'Keefe, South Chicago welterweight, who is under the management of his brother Jack, has recovered from his injury which he received in his last bout with Jimmy Clabby last November. O'Keefe was matched to box Patsy Rocco at Michigan City on July 4th, but it was called off on account of Rocco breaking his hand. O'Keefe has boxed nearly all the best boys and now that he is well again he will be kept busy.

Bill Henry, a stablemate of O'Keefe, ran into tough luck when he broke his right hand while training for his fight with Sammy Mandell.

The sport of boxing in Michigan City, revived after a year's interment here, went down to an untimely death as far as Michigan City is concerned. On July 4th with a crowd of more than 8,000 in the Arena, Lew Tendler of Philadelphia, failed to make an appearance for his ten round bout with Sailor Friedman. Many had traveled a considerable distance and paid prices ranging from $3 to $10 to wintess the widely advertised contest, and all left with a sour taste in their mouth.

BUFFALO BOXING NOTES
By HUGH SHANNON

Boxing in this city has been quiet for the past month. Neither the Queensberry nor the Velodrome clubs have offered to stage any outdoor shows and the fans will not patronize indoor boxing during the hot months.

It is quite possible that the Velodrome club will begin to stage shows at the baseball park soon. Matchmaker Murray of the Queensberry, is not an advocate of open air boxing. Murray thinks any city that is treated to weekly shows in the winter will not go heavy for open air shows in the hot weather.

Tommy Ryan, the Buffalo-McKeesport bantam terror, is still going on high. He has whipped Young Montreal, Irish Johnny Curtin, Terry Martin, Joe Burman and other good ones and the 1923-24 season should see the little star close to the bantamweight championship.

Ryan defeated Herbie Schaeffer of Chicago, at Michigan City, Ind., on July 4. This bout was the windup of a great all-star show that was offered by Promoter Floyd Fitzsimmons. Lew Tendler and Sailor Freedman, scheduled as the windup, did not materialize. Tendler refused to go on until paid $15,000 which was guaranteed him.

Floyd Fitzsimmons is a fine fellow personally and it is really too bad that he doesn't get a decent break. Phil Glassman, Tendler's manager, was perfectly within his rights in demanding his guarantee but Fitzsimmons did not have the amount in cash to pay Tendler. It is said he offered a check but Glassman says he doesn't believe in checks.

Tendler has a good hustler in Phil Glassman. He knows the boxing game from A to Z and he is looking after Tendler's interests at all times. Many people think Glassman is too hardboiled but Phil says that's what Tendler is paying him for. One thing is certain: Glassman is on the up and up with Tendler and has Lew's interests at heart.

Rocky Kansas has been offered a match with Sailor Freedman at the Polo Grounds but Freedman wants to box at 138. Kansas says he will not box anyone over the lightweight limit, which is 135 pounds.

Frankie Schoell and Jimmy Slattery, local welterweights, have moved over to Crystal Beach, Ont. to rest up. They will not do much boxing this Summer.

Schoell is about the best welterweight in the country. He is going in top form right now and I would like to see him get a shot at Mickey Walker. If Schoell doesn't win the title I'll miss my guess.

Young Slattery is a good promising lad and bids fair to improve. Slattery boxed at 150 pounds this season. He is growing fast and will be a fullfledged 160-pounder next season. In a short time he will be a light-heavyweight.

Jack Oakes, the negro welterweight from Columbus, who is making Buffalo his home, is a great puncher and will make a big flurry in the welter ranks next season. He has knocked out every one he has met excepting Frankie Schoell—and he knocked Schoell down—something Dave Shade and many other stars could not do.

Ted Joyce, the Canadian featherweight, boxed a draw with Eddie Weygant at Wheeling, W. Va. on July 4. Joyce is well liked in Buffalo where his slashing style is pleasing. Joyce will probably box Kid Roy for the Canadian featherweight title at Toronto this Fall.

Jack Sunger has a likely looking heavyweight in Tony Stabeneau. The youngster is a product of this city and he is coming fast.

NORTHWEST PACIFIC NOTES
By JOE WATERMAN

Bud Ridley won the undisputed featherweight championship of the Pacific coast when he defeated Danny Nunes in eleven rounds at Sandpoint, Idaho, on July fourth, in the main event of an open air show held under the auspices of the American Legion. Nunes won the title and belt recently at Portland, Oregon, in contests against Danny Kramer, Sailor Kramer, Ad Macke, Eddie Shannon and Joe Gorman.

Ted Krache won a decision over Jimmy Sacco in six rounds and now the Hoquiam logger claims the lightweight championship of the Northwest. A peculiar situation arises here. Sacco defeated Dode Bercot, the latter won from Krache and now Krache trims the man who beat Bercot. Old timers will recall such an angle twenty-five years ago, when Tommy West, Joe Walcott and Kid Carter used to take turns in winning from each other.

Vic Foley and "California" Joe Lynch battled to a great ten round draw at Vancouver, B. C. The Canadian crack bantam lost a close decision to Lynch a few months ago, but is improving fast.

Dode Bercot defeated Ted Krache in six rounds before a $7,500 house at the Seattle Arena. In a return match these two boxed a draw with over $8,000 in the house.

Bud Ridley defeated George Sollis of Salt Lake City, in a great ten round scrap at Vancouver. The Utah boy made a great show-

ing, but Ridley's constant aggressiveness and body punching wore him out.

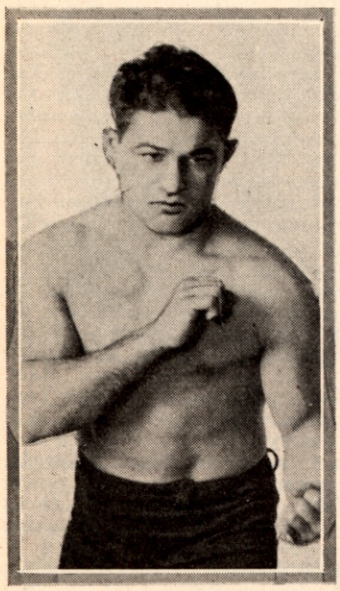
Frankie Grandetta is still winning. The sensational Spokane flyweight trimmed Abie Gordon in ten rounds at Portland and now is in line for some good main events in California.

Bobby Harper gave Northwest fans the surprise of years when he held Joe Benjamin to a draw at Portland. The Seattle boy, floored in the third round, came back and staged a rally that won him an even verdict. They drew a $7,000 house.

The Sandpoint, Idaho, show on the Fourth was such a great success that Inland Empire fans are clamoring for a Labor Day card. More than 4,000 people, including many Indians, witnessed the Ridley-Nunes contest.

Spug Meyers and Johnny Trambitas fought to a twenty round draw at Pocatello, Idaho, at an open air show sponsored by the Idaho Elks. An $8,000 house was reported.

Joe Choynski, famous fighter of the old days; and who in late years has attained prominence as a chiropractor, has established a gymnasium and chiropractic offices at 358 Sutter street, Rooms 203 and 204, where he will rejuvenate business men.



Jimmy Darcy, Pacific Coast middleweight contender, under management of Leo P. Flynn

Choynski's long years in the ring, where he met Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Sharkey, Kid McCoy, Peter Maher and all the other great fighters of his day, gave him a knowledge of the human body, which, combined with his latter day studies, fits him better, perhaps, than any other man in America to do the work he has undertaken.

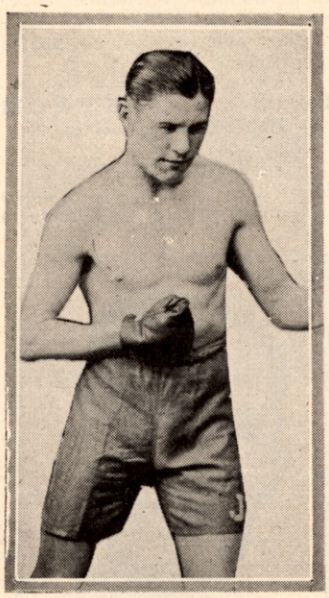
Prior to his arrival in San Francisco a few months ago, Choynski was the athletic director of the Pittsburgh Athletic Club, which position he resigned to practice as a chiropractor.

NEW HAVEN NOTES

Meriden has taken a temporary back-seat in the fistic world of late while Hartford and Stamford are showing signs of renewed vigor. Kid Kaplan, the Meriden idol, is little heard from these days, but rumor hath it that he may be matched with either Joe Currie or Al Shubert some time in the near future. Shubert recently trounced Kaplan, but the latter is said to be anxious for a return match with the New Bedford scrapper. Meanwhile Currie is showing no degree of discrimination and is showing himself to be willing of taking on the best in his division in these parts.

Mickey Travers, a native of New Haven, has forsaken his home town and is now performing steadily in Bay State rings.

Lou Bogash, of Bridgeport, one of the thumpiest middleweights the Nutmeg State has ever been able to boast of, recently scored a decided hit when he defeated Jackie Clark in a Hartford ring. Now there is serious talk rampant of matching the Park City Italian with Mike McTigue, who recently won the world's light heavyweight title from Battling Siki.



Jimmy Slatton, Buffalo's favorite welterweight, who is on the warpath

Chick Brown, who a few years ago was worshipped as a boxer in Connecticut and who abandoned the ring after a defeat at the hands of Benny Leonard, and Frankie Brindisi, once a lightning featherweight, have both made known their intentions of staging comebacks. The latter has already donned the padded mitts and was hailed as a good performer in a Stamford bout, while Brown is devoting a little more time to conditioning himself before making his new bid for fistic glory.

BALTIMORE NOTES
By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

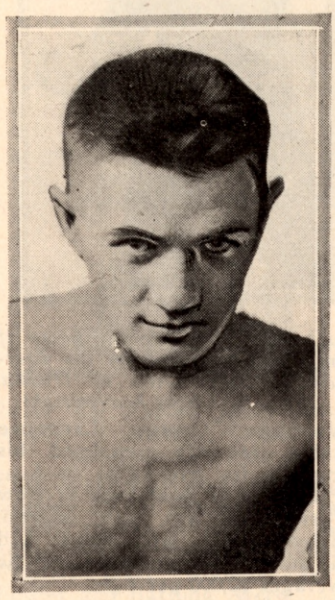
Mel Coogan, the New York lightweight, is hankering for a shot at George Chaney and it's likely that these two hard hitting boys will get together here in the near future. Baltimore has not had an outdoor show so far this summer and the fans are getting fight hungry.

Kid Williams has been matched to meet Pancho Villa, champion flyweight of the world, in Philadelphia on July 30. If Williams is in any kind of condition the little Filipino is in for a strenuous evening. The Kid always was a rip-roaring scrapper and Villa isn't keen on waging a defensive battle.

Bob Garcia ran against a tough customer in Cuddy DeMarco in Pittsburgh on July 7th. Fighting in one of the Milk Fund bouts Garcia was handed a neat trimming. Bob has been boxing rather frequently and it may be that he needs a rest.

Benny Schwartz and Little Jeff are fighting only occasionally just to keep in trim for the winter campaign. Schwartz recently won over Len Brenner in Lancaster, Pa., while on the same card Little Jeff defeated Bobby Burke.

Jim Holland, local heavyweight, is now located in the Sunny South. He bobbed up in Alabama on July 4th with a victory over Mum Peretti, a Southern heavy.



Jack Mitchell, one of Central Ohio's leading junior welterweights, who hails from Columbus

Poor management here cost Holland whatever chance he had to get along in this section. Just at a time when Jim should have been meeting men in his class he was rushed into a bout with Foxy Fred Fulton, the Minnesota plasterer. Holland was handed an unmerciful licking and knocked out in five rounds.

Sammy Harris is still on the trail of Benny Schwartz. Sammy wants to pit Nate Carp against the Southern flyweight king, but he doesn't want to stage the bout before the Olympia A. C. because Matchmaker Franklin also is the manager of Schwartz. This is one bout local bugs would rush to see. Carp lost a hair-line decision to Schwartz last winter and since then has been clamoring for a return go.

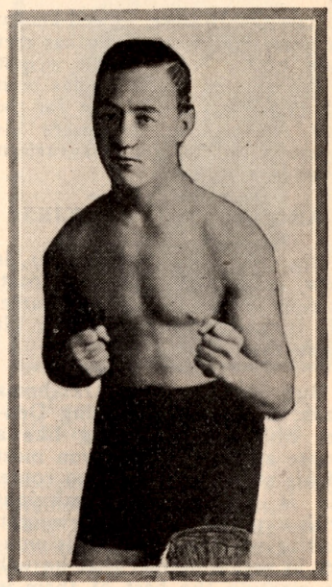
COLORADO BOXING NOTES
By SAM BUXBAUM

Again Bud Hamilton proved that he is there. Meeting the best boy he has been called on to box in his young career he gave Midget Smith a neat lacing for ten rounds at Pueblo recently. Bud showed that he could receive as well as deliver, as the Midget socked home some solid wallops, which did not bother the little Westerner in the least. It will take a mighty good boy to hold Hamilton even, not alone beat him.

Joe Black, Denver's fighting newsboy, is going back to the Pacific Northwest when he gets in condition, which will be about the latter part of July. Joe is a pleasing 138-pounder, who always gives the fans a good run for their money.

Midget Smith, Salt Lake City featherweight, is making his home in Denver. He is a pretty good boy, and will make a lot of the 126-pounders step some.

Don Long, Colorado Springs' candidate for fistic honors, will get the trial of his young life when he faces Bud Hamilton before some club in the state early in September.

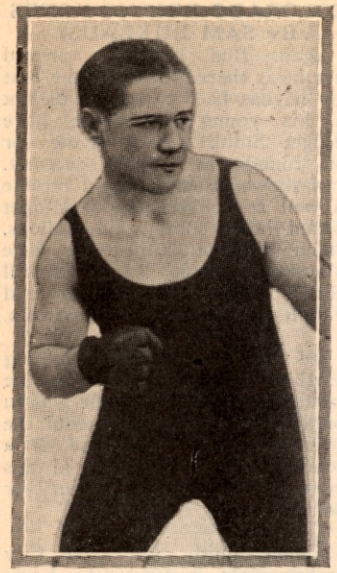


Sammy Butler, a junior lightweight of the Middle West, who is doing good work in the West

Jess Jean, one time star three-cushion player and among the best billiard players a short time back, has turned fight manager. Jess has two boys who look good at this writing. They are Joe Kelly, bantamweight, who formerly boxed under the name of Joe the Wop, and Eddie Mack, a down-state boy, who boxes around the 125-pound mark.

Midget Smith, his manager, Harry Neary, and Trainer John O'Reilly are having the time of their lives in the West. The Midget caught a young wildcat, which he will take back to New York with him as a mascot and pet. The Midget also made a hit around these parts with his willing style of milling.

Teddy Gartin, Omaha welter-



Tommy West, an eighteen-year-old lad who is a promising boxer. He hails from Trenton

weight, who showed twice in Casper recently, is a promising boy. He won both of his starts in handy style, and the promoters from this section are going to see more of him.

Harry Bramer, well-known bantamweight boxer, who has met some of the best boys his weight in the country, and who has been taking a much needed rest for the past few months, announces his intention of making an eastern invasion this fall.

AROUND THE ROCKIES
By SAM BUXBAUM

Big Jim Shirley, of Denver, is now around the Pacific Coast, boxing in the four-round game. He is meeting with quite a bit of success.

Bud Hamilton, the Oklahoma flash, who is now making Denver his home, is going like a house afire. Bud has won most of his starts via the kayo route. He is a clever bantamweight with a punch of a heavyweight. Critics who have seen this wonder in action predict that he will be meeting the best of them in another year.

Don Long, the Colorado Springs terror, keeps winning his starts, and his manager, Leslie Showers, plans on shooting him into faster company in the very near future.

Jack Doyle, Denver featherweight, is considered one of the toughest nuts to crack in the country. Doyle has boxed some of the best in the country and always gives a good account of himself.

Tommy Eddy's middleweight, Tommy Commiskey, is a sure comer and some day will be battling for titular honors. Commiskey is fast and clever and carries a knockout wallop. He has as yet to lose his first bout.

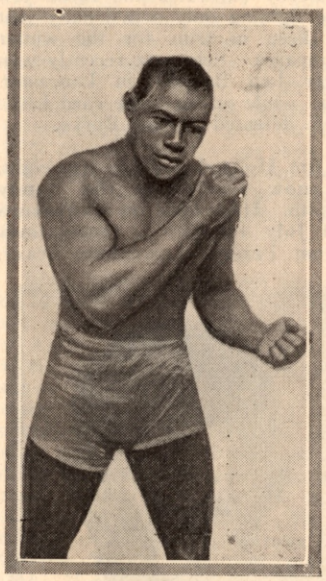
Major Leon Fox, of Fitzsimmons General Hospital, No. 21 at Aurora, Colo., gives the soldiers a great boxing program once every month.

BOXING IN AUSTRALIA
By JACK MUNRO

Boxing is booming in Australia. Never has such ordinary talent drawn such big crowds. And this applies not only to Sydney, but Melbourne (Victoria) as well, and in a measure to Brisbane (Queensland). These are the three states in which boxing is popular. South Australia has an occasional fight at Adelaide.

As in all centres of boxing in your country the man that is wanted in Australia is the "get-in-and-do" sort. A fighter who will fight is what is wanted in this country. The Butterfly flip-flapper is simply not wanted here.

Freddie Jacks, one of the Joe



Jack Taylor, the black dynamo of the West, who is under the direction of Jack Lewis of Omaha. Taylor is a light heavyweight

Woodman - George Lawrence stable, recently completed his contract for five fights in Australia, and is now back in New York. He was little known, mixed poorly with folks, and did not induce publicity, yet he averages $2,000 per fight.

Bob Laga, who will be remembered in connection with Joe Rivers and Harry Forbes, whom he handled throughout the States, has been here for some time, but will return to New York at a very early date. Bob came here with Mel Coogan and Fred Jacks and conducted their business with good results to themselves and credit to himself.

Bob has made himself very popular in Melbourne and Sydney, and he knows exactly the type of boxers Australians like and will be well qualified to select the proper sort. Bob is a white man through and through, and even his short absence will be felt by his friends in Australia.

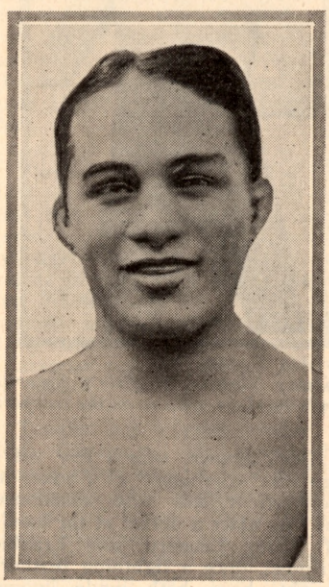
There have been several startling surprises in this country recently, and from present appearances we are likely to have some good men ready for visiting boxers in the near future. Jack Dale, who is only 18 years of age, was only appearing in preliminaries in Melbourne. I got him over here and matched him with Pat Gleeson, a clipping good lightweight, in a twelve rounder on the night when our principal fight had fallen through. To the general amazement, Dale held Gleeson to a draw. He also made a hit with his style, so I brought him over again to meet Jack Finney. It was a terrific punching fight, and Dale knocked Finney out in the sixth round. Then I put Dale up against the Welsh champion, Danny Morgan, and he defeated the Welsh champion on points after a wonderful fight.

George Blake is arranging for a team of two featherweights and two lightweights to leave Los Angeles shortly under contract to Stadiums, Ltd., for five fights each. They will surely make good if they can fight.

George Eagel left after being beaten on points by our Queensland man-eater, Archie Bradley, by the "Niagara." To the general surprise he landed back in Sydney by the Manuka from Auckland. His object was to give a bad hand a chance to recover, and he came back better than ever as far as health is concerned.

BOXING NOTES FROM SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO
By DON "CEE"

From this writing on, it looks as though boxing will have a



Bazil Galiano, South's lightweight champion, who may come north

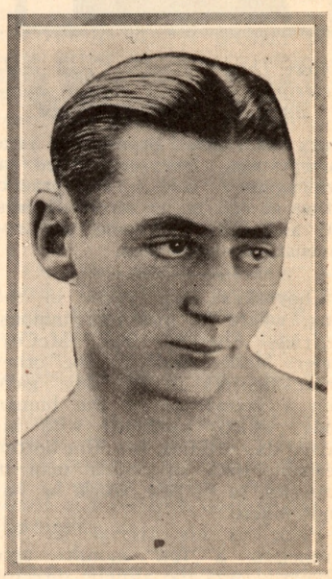
firm footing in San Antonio, Texas, as there are now three clubs operating and all drawing packed houses. A movement is on foot now to start a city boxing commission in the Alamo City composed of business men and city officials and it is hoped that rulings handed down by this body of men will help to keep the game clean and also keep the promoters from cutting each other's throat by running their shows too close together.

Hereafter, there will be two shows run per month featuring all star cards promoted by Walter (Red) Hamby and backed by a syndicate of San Antonio business men. The entire net proceeds of the above entertainments will be given to charitable organizations and the milk fund for needy babies. The boxers featured on the first big all star card were Jack Fowler vs. Johnny Thompson, junior light weights, Jack Willis vs. Billie Cosmos, welters and Kid Pancho vs. Jimmy Wayne, flyweights. The fights were preceded by a big baseball game between two Texan League teams and the results of the Dempsey-Gibbons fight were received at the ringside during the fights. The advance sale for the first milk fund card on the 4th was over $5,000 up to June 30th.

Jack Shelton, who has been running boxing shows in San Antonio for several years under the club plan will continue to run two shows a month on the Soledad Roof Garden, while the Elks will intersperse occasionally with a society show on their own roof garden, where they can seat fifteen hundred fans.

Don Curley, is associate matchmaker for the biggest boxing club in San Antonio, Texas, and also in Nuevo Laredo, where beginning on the 7th of July the Mexican owners of the Bull Ring in Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, just across the international border, one hundred and fifty miles from San Antonio, will start having weekly fight shows featuring a fifteen round go for the main bout. Boxers desirous of working in the above named spots are invited to get in touch with the matchmaker, at 110 W. Travis St., San Antonio, Texas. Jack Willis vs. Babe Castro or Jack Fowler vs. Mercy Montez, will probably be featured in the first main bout at Nuevo Laredo, Mexico.

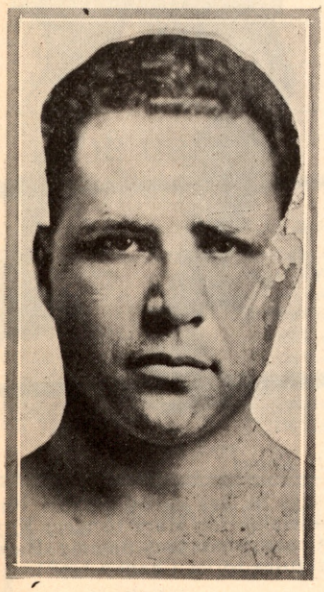
The border towns all along the Rio Grande separating



Joe Sanger, a good little boy from Milwaukee, who carries a nifty punch

Mexico from the United States, are all taking to boxing and the rivalry between Mexican boxers and those of the States is getting very keen. Some of the good Mexican boxers developed in the South West during the past few years are, Kid Pancho of San Antonio, Texas, Mike Vasquez, Battling Chico, Gene Payo, Kid Payo and Sam Rico, of El Paso, Texas, and Juarez, Mexico, Babe Castro and Mercy Montez, of San Antonio, Texas. Many other good Mexican boys have been developed in Tampico, Mexico and Mexico City also in the past year.

Some of the best white boys developed in the Southwest and now boxing main bouts and going good, are Bobby Green welter; Jack Willis, welter; Jack Fowler, lightweight; Billie Cosmos, junior welter; Brooke Stephens, lightweight; Chuck Burns, welter; Frankie McFarland and Rabbit Palmer, all



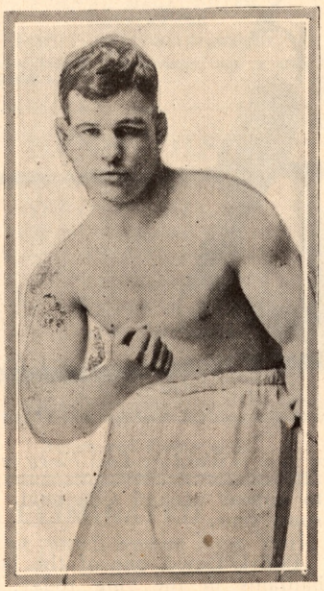
K. O. Mars, Biddy Bishop's crack junior lightweight of Cincinnati, O.

from San Antonio, Texas; Tom White, now lightweight champion of Mexico who hails from Texas City, Texas; Billy Algiers, of El Paso, Texas; Jimmie Wayne, bantam; Paul Gardner, lightweight; Johnny Thompson and Lew Siebert, of Houston, Texas. Kid Flake, of Galveston, Texas, who recently toured the East giving a good account of himself is also a production of the Southwest.

C. H. (Doc) Graham, popular sportsman and Doctor, formerly of Houston, Texas, is now a resident of San Antonio, having decided to add population to the Alamo City for the purpose of regaining his health. The "Doc" dabbles in boxing as a side line and has a stable of good boys, whom he is keeping on the go throughout the Southwest. Doc is an old time fighter himself, knows a good boxer when he sees one and knows how to handle them from the corner. Doc is a credit to the game in every way and we all wish him much luck and success in his new surroundings.

One of those seldom seen fights happened in San Antonio, Texas, on June 27th, between Brooke Stephens and Battling Chico, the latter is an El Paso junior lightweight. It was one of the slam-bangdest fights between a clever boxer and a hard punching southpaw ever seen in these parts. Stephens unloaded a heavy port broadside in every one of the twelve rounds, while the dark-skinned Mexican boy from the extreme west end of Texas, used his two piston-like arms with the rapidity of machine gun fire and at the end of the seventh round had Stephens left eye closed, and at the beginning of the last round the other eye was nearly closed, with but a mere slit for the game little San Antonian to see through.

The fight was furious every minute of the way with Brooke wading in trying every minute to land a haymaker and the Mexican evading the rushes, blocking, ducking and fighting



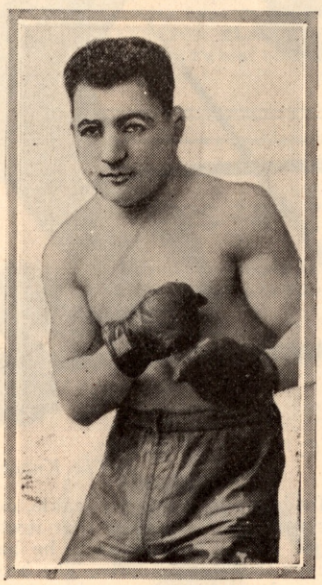
Dick Loadman, Buffalo lightweight who has fought the best of 'em

back with fast jabs and crosses. Stephens lost his footing once, but was up immediately and rushing in. After the wild fracas, public opinion was so divided, and even the sport writers were so divided in their opinion as to which of the boys won the fight, that it behooves us to call the battle a draw, which it will be admitted by the ringside fanatics who saw the fight is fair to both boys.

Jack Fowler, the shifty little piece of fighting flesh at 130 pounds, who is winning all his bouts around the Southwest, has been dubbed the most perfect fighter ever seen in these parts. He is more of the old school of fighters, as he can fight in a ten foot ring as well as a large one, for he never jumps around the ring using up needless energy. He can block, slip and duck punches with the greatest ease and he appears to have ball bearings in his neck and hips. He is the nearest approach yet we have seen to Young Griffo's, the great little Australian, style of blocking and slipping punches.

Fowler is not altogether a defensive fighter as he can punch with the best of them and has a long string of Kayo's in his record to prove it. Fowler started his career in New Bedford, Mass., before the war, went to Antwerp with the Olympic team in 1920, was returned to the States and sent to Ft. Houston, near San Antonio, Texas, where he won the army championship in the lightweight division. After being discharged from the Army last year, he placed himself under the direction of Don Curley, who has carried him to the point of being declared the best in his division throughout the Southwestern territory and he has the boys of his weight asking the City Hall for a guarantee, before they will consent to meet him.

Frankie McFarland, the flashy little featherweight now making his home in San Antonio, Texas, after a successful tour of the



Louis Kid Kaplan, junior lightweight, of Meriden, Conn., who has a crushing blow

East, is showing great form and winning all his fights. Since returning to San Antonio, he has boxed Brooke Stephens, Rabbit Palmer, Bert Branon, Jack Fowler and Battling Arero.

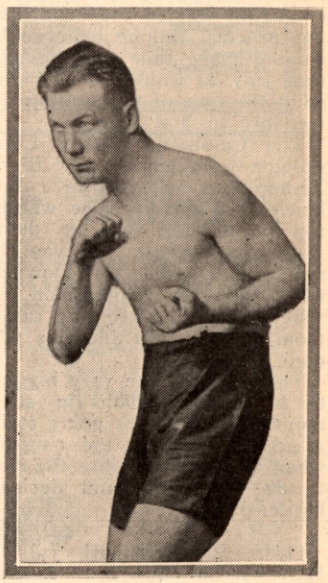
Jack Fowler, lightweight, Jack Willis, welter and Frankie McFarland, featherweight, all of San Antonio, Texas, have received good offers to fight in Mexico City and all three boys will journey to the Mexican Capitol City for a series of fifteen and twenty-round matches after the 1st of August.

The Mexican cities where boxing is booming at the present time are: Mexico City, Tampico, Monterey, Nuevo Laredo, Santa Rosia, Santa Anna, Eagle Pass, Juarez, San Jose, and San Pedro.

THE RING is very popular in this section. The book has many readers because it is recognized here as the leading book on things pugilistic the world over.

YOUNG STRIBLING RECEIVES BROKEN ARMS IN BOUT

Macon, Ga.—Young Stribling, of this city, Southern middleweight boxing champion, will be out of the ring for sixty days

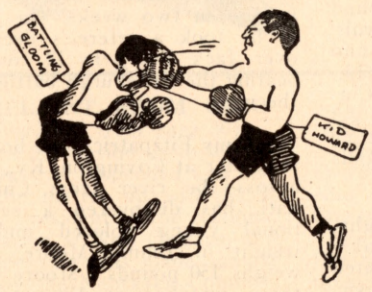


Joe Everett, Springfield, Mass., middleweight, who is coming to the fore

or longer with two broken arms, sustained in recent fights.

This announcement was made following the development of the fractures brought out in X-ray examinations. Stribling's right arm will be in a plaster cast for four weeks and for at least that much longer time he will not be able to return to the boxing game.

When in Chicago



Out - of - town boxers are invited to train at Kid Howard's Famous Arcade Gymnasium.

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On the night of June 25, Young Stribling won the referee's decision in Shreveport, La., from Happy Harry Howard of New York. The Georgia Peach took fourteen of the stanzas, the other being ruled even, this according to the count of the referee.

OHIO BOXING NEWS
By GEORGE LEVECQUE

Jock Malone and Anthony Downey did not box here at Columbus, July 3, as scheduled. Jock took a sudden notion that he wanted more time in which to train and he wired in to Promoter Mike O'Rourke that he had busted a rib, I believe he said the eighth rib on his right side, and it would be necessary for a postponement. Mike O'Rourke then had to go to a lot of trouble to get a date and finally decided on July 16. Malone was sure he would be ready to meet Downey on that date, but after Downey and his trainers again started the conditioning process Malone believed he wanted more time and he said that July 23 would be all right, so at the time of this writing the men are to box July 23.

The Columbus Boxing Commission explained to Biddy Bishop that he could take Malone's $200 forfeit if he wanted to, but Bishop said he didn't want any forfeits. It was the fight he wanted for Downey, whereupon the Commission insisted that the forfeit be raised from $200 to $500 and this was done.

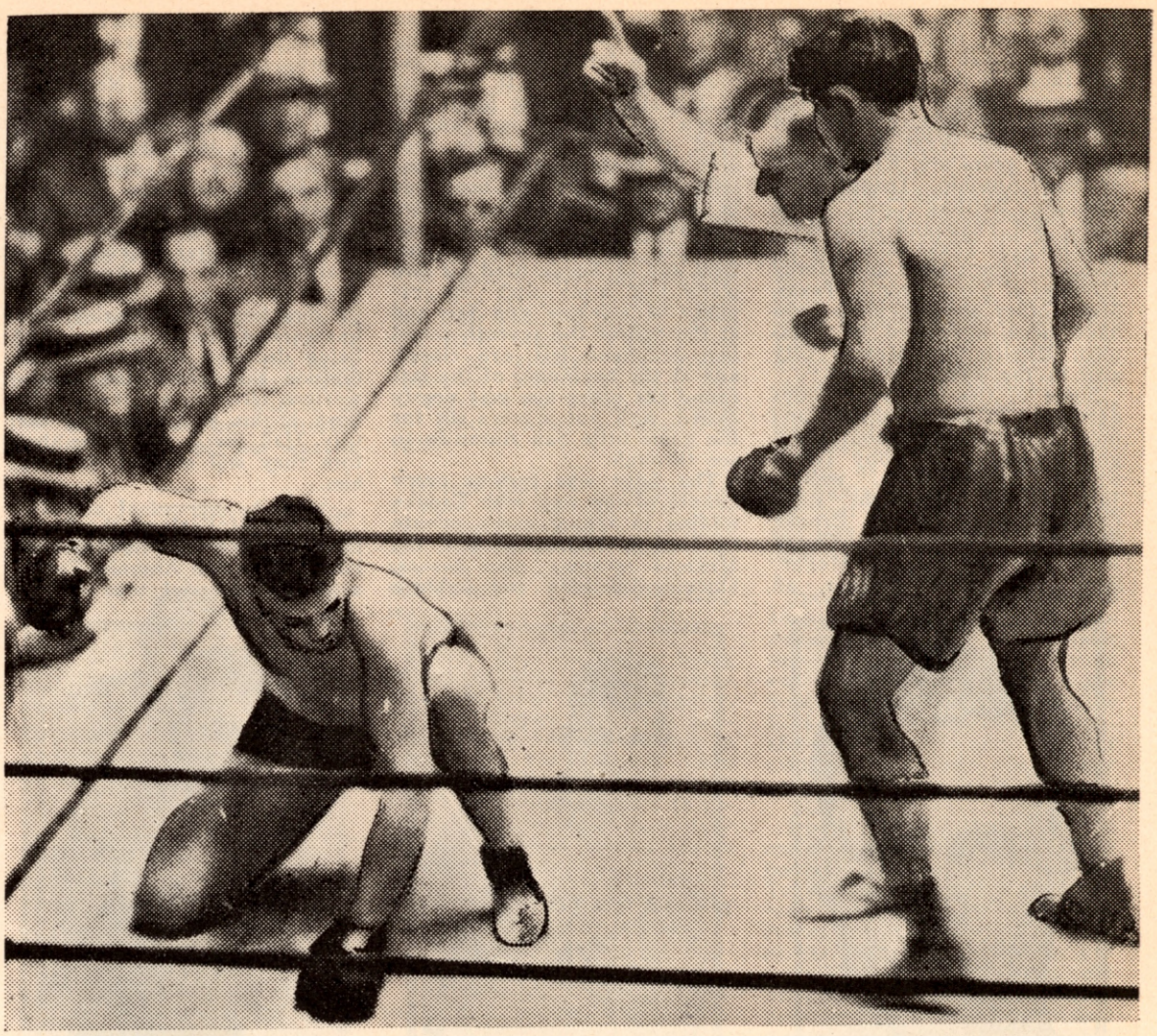
The match is the very biggest to be held in Ohio in some months and there is going to be a great crowd at the ringside when the men step into the ring to do their 12 round decision battle.

Over at Cincinnati July 9 Billy Ryan knocked Speedy Sparks out in one round. Sparks' style just fits Ryan and it is the opinion of the writer that Billy could whip Sparks every day in the week. Ryan is a particularly good right hand hitter while Sparks is a southpaw. Every time Sparks steps in he places himself in a position to get smacked with Ryan's right.

Ryan and Sparks drew a wee bit less than $10,000 to the gate, which makes it plain that Cincinnati is drawing good.

Now the boxing people of Cincinnati will demand another match between Ryan and Anthony Downey. These two are the best fistic attractions around Cincinnati and are bitter rivals. They boxed last January and drew a gate of more than $13,000. They will pack the Cincinnati baseball park if they get together before the victory Ryan scored over Sparks cools off.

Jack Zivic, Pittsburgh lightweight, won from K. O. Jeakle in a 12 round decision match here at Columbus July 9. Zivic, who is managed by Jimmy Bronson, showed real cleverness and clearly outpointed Jeakle. Sam Jordan, who manages Jeakle, declared after the bout that it was one of the best contests he had ever seen Jeakle make. The boxers showed to a capacity crowd that drew approximately a $4,000 gate at popular prices.



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The Knockout of Jess Willard by Luis Firpo in Eighth Round

Anthony Downey's knockout victory over Johnny Tillman July 3 was most decisive and complete. Downey laced Tillman with stiff lefts to the face and body and at infighting made the Minneapolis boxer appear slow. Tillman used an overhand right swing throughout the contest, but it failed to land effectively. After the second round it was merely a question of time, and in the ninth when Tillman was ready to go down his seconds threw in the towel. The boxers both weighed in under 155 pounds. This was Downey's second appearance here in Columbus in two weeks. On June 25 he took a referee's decision over Jack Perry in 12 rounds, beating the Pittsburgh battler all the way.

Tommy Fitzpatrick, the boxing promoter at Covington, Ky., just across the river from Cincinnati, has discovered a sensational young colored middleweight in Jimmy Moore, who weighs 150 pounds. Moore won three matches at Fitzpatrick's Riverside arena in as many weeks and from reports he is about the most pleasing fighter to appear around Cincinnati in some time.

Phil O'Dowd, one of the best bantams in the ring today, is boxing regularly and says he never felt better in his life. He is anxious to get a chance at some of the top notchers again and believes he will make good. O'Dowd has a decision over Joe Lynch, bantam title holder, and Ohio boxing fans are sure he can repeat if Lynch will say the word.

Johnny Karr won from Wally Hinckle at Chillicothe, O., July 4. The contest was not the most pleasing ever seen and especially so to the promoters, as it did not draw the gate it was expected to.

Tut Jackson and Jamaica Kid boxed a 12 round draw at Elmwood, O., July 2. The match was not a very spectacular one but it pleased the crowd. Jimmy Shevlin, the Cincinnati promoter, refereed the match. It was Jimmy's first attempt at refereeing and he made a hit by his work.

K. O. Mars and Tony Zill are to box at Cincinnati soon. It is believed the date will be sometime late in July. Mars has been laid off six weeks with an infected tooth but says he is now ready for business again. Mars' manager, Biddy Bishop, says he has an offer from Philadelphia for Mars to meet K. O. Chaney but that Sammy Harris refuses to let Chaney box him.

One of the most pleasing contests held in Ohio in some time was the ten round no-decision affair between Alex Novecky and Jimmy Muche which took place at Youngstown June 25. The two put up a whirlwind battle.

THIS COMES FROM THE OHIO BOXING BOARD

"We have been shown your magazine issue July, 1923. Under heading of Ohio Boxing News it contains a squib in reference to Billy Ryan, Speedy Sparks and the Cincinnati Boxing Commission. The article goes on to say that Ryan was suspended by the Nebraska Commission in Omaha last April. This is not true; the Nebraska Commission stopped the bout and forfeited the purse due to Ryan and although they threatened at the time to suspend Ryan for six months, did not do so. The writer is a member of the Cincinnati Commission and President of the Ohio State Association of Boxing Commissions which is affiliated as a unit with the National Boxing Association of the United States.

"The writer, before the permit was issued to Ryan-Sparks fight, took up personally with the Ne-

(*Continued on page 37*)

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Following are names of the boys under my personal management:

SPEEDY SPARKS	Middleweight
TONY CARCIFERRO	Lightweight
JIMMY BROWN	Bantamweight
WILLIE SULLIVAN	Bantamweight
GENE LaRUE	Flyweight
FIGHTING FERRARIS	Featherweight

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CINCINNATI, OHIO
Phone, Day and Night: Main 2340

GENE LaRUE, Canadian Flyweight Champion	112 lbs.
BILLY RAY	116 lbs.
SAMMY SANDOW	120 lbs.
CLIFF KUMLER	130 lbs.
CHAS. METRIE	138 lbs.
JOE CARSON	142 lbs.
JACK SHEPPARD	146 lbs.
AL THOMPSON	156 lbs.

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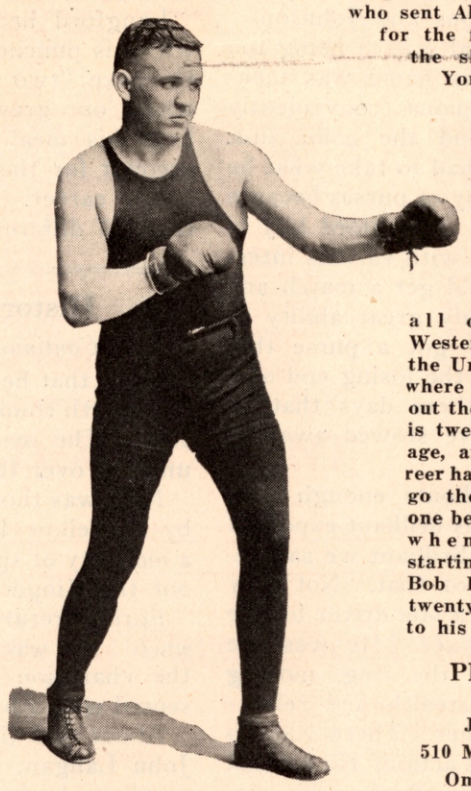
CLEM JOHNSON, Foremost Negro Rival of Harry Wills

FRANKIE OLSON, Crack Junior Lightweight

Two Real Fighters—No Stalling—Action and Plenty of It.

Carries a Hefty Wallop

Tiny Jim Herman, the much touted heavyweight from the Pacific coast, is not a newcomer to Eastern fight fans, as he is the fellow who sent Al Reich to the mat for the fatal ten count at the show for the New York American Milk Fund.



Tiny Jim has been boxing about three years, having gained his spurs in the pugilistic limelight by first defeating all opponents in the Western Department of the United States Army, where he served throughout the world war. Tiny is twenty-three years of age, and during his career has had but two men go the limit with him, one being Sam Langford, when Tiny was first starting, and the other Bob Roper. Tiny has twenty-seven knockouts to his credit.

PROMOTERS
Address
JACK LEWIS
510 McCagne Building
Omaha, Nebraska

THE RABBIT PUNCH ELIMINATED

THE elimination of the old rabbit punch by the New York State Boxing Board has revived the discussion of this deadly blow in practically every state where boxing is legalized. The protests against the continued use of this deadly blow were brought about by the recent Firpo-Brennan fight. Year after year crusades are started against the punch so effectively used by Jack Dempsey and Luis Firpo. But with few exceptions, Boxing Boards are loath to make a ruling barring the "rabbit." It took the New York Commission three years to act and now that the Empire State has set the example, following a recent article in THE RING by J. Raymond Price, other states are sure to follow.

The powers that control the sport of boxing in states were the fistic art has been legalized are beginning to see the light following the long illness of Bill Brennan, who hovered for a time between life and death as a result of an attack administered by Firpo. True, the rabbit punch is a most effective weapon in the hands of a boxer capable of using it and invariably will bring on victory yet, like the kidney punch, it should have no place in the field of boxing and New York State is the first in the Union to rule against it. It is a punch that lacks of true sportsmanship and as such it should be eliminated.

The rabbit punch was first brought to the notice of the American public by Milburn Saylor, an American lightweight who fought in Australia. Saylor, with Ray Bronson, went to the Antipodes and there knocked out several opponents. He was accused of clubbing with his right arm and hitting opponents on the back of the head while both were in the clinches. He was severely criticized for his "unfair" tactics and when Saylor arrived here columns were written about this new punch. Saylor, in defense, claimed that when an opponent held, he saw no reason why he could not be legally be struck on the back of the head.

COMPLAINT FROM OHIO

(*Continued from page 36*)

braska Commission as to whether Ryan was suspended and also took the matter up with R. T. Burke, President of the National Association at New Orleans, and no suspension was made against Ryan by the Nebraska Commission. Consequently, the Cincinnati Commission was perfectly within its right in sanctioning this contest. We wish you would make a correction in your Ohio column in the next issue.

"We would like, if agreeable to you, if you would advise us who your correspondent is in Cincinnati.

"At the next meeting of the Commission we will take up with them the advisability of each member subscribing to The Ring, which we understand is $1.50 per year. ALLEN W. BAEHR,
President.

Sam Langford, One of Ring's Marvels

JUST because Old Mother Nature happened to dip Sam Langford into a barrel of tar instead of into a pot of whitewash he was barred from becoming a champion. The "Boston Tar Baby" was endowed with everything but the right color. Any one who ever saw him when he was in his prime can never forget that animated ebony statue. Just to get an idea of how Sam was built when he reached his full growth all that is necessary to do is to mention the fact that he was only 5 feet 6½ inches tall yet scaled 200 pounds when he was in first class trim.

Sam's shoulders were tremendous and he packed a murderous punch. The great negro who must pass down in the annals as one of the truly great fighters of the twentieth century fought for more than twenty years and now he has nothing for all his gruelling battles in the ring. His case is a lot like that of Bob Armstrong, another great negro fighter whom few cared to mingle with in the days of Jeffries, Fitzsimmons and Johnson.

Sam had the fatal gift of being too good and when his name was mentioned the champions conveniently took shelter behind the color line. The old Tar Baby had to take what he could get in the way of purses because Samuel had to eat. Langford had to do a lot of cutting with various interests before he could get a match and in spite of his truly great ability in the ring he never got a purse that would come up to the losing end of a heavy-weight of these days that he could probably have stowed away in a round.

There are knockouts enough seen in the record of this brilliant exponent of the manly art—brilliant we say because he was all of that. Not only could Sam hit like a pile driver but he was a polished boxer. He was the acme of grace in the ring, moving around with the stealth and relentlessness of a panther. There was no waste motion in his action. He seemed to have an hypnotic effect on his victims, as he shifted about with feline movements.

I can never forget seeing him in the ring against Jack O'Brien at the old St. Nicholas Rink a dozen years ago in New York. Any old timer can remember what a stepper Jack was in his day especially if he recalls the bout where O'Brien stabbed Steve Ketchell until he was sliced as with a rapier until he was finally cornered and knocked out in the last ten seconds of a ten-round bout.

It didn't take Langford that long to catch Jack. Sam just moved along relentlessly and never was a more superb display of footwork seen than that displayed by O'Brien. In the fifth round the negro finally caught him and something happened then that I never experienced before in the hundreds of bouts I had seen. Sam feinted with his left and as Jack ducked the negro hooked a dynamic right under Jack's heart.

O'Brien let out a yell like a Comanche Indian. It was the death cry. Jack had felt the full sting of the Black Plague and a moment later he was stretched out.

What power Sam had in his punches may be noted from an incident in one of his many fights with Sam McVey. He hit McVey so hard on the bridge of the nose that he fractured both cheek bones.

Langford had to be rather frugal with his punches. He had as it were to make "two blades of grass grow where one grew before." He had to keep his meal tickets and this may account for the 52 draws and defeats in his career. He permitted no less than 23 different men either to beat him or get a draw and then come back in a return match and knock them out.

At the beginning I stated that Langford never had a chance at a championship against a white man. This is not quite correct, however. On April 27, 1910, he met Stanley Ketchell, then middleweight champion in the Athletics ball park in Philadelphia in a six round no decision bout. Whether Sam's hands were tied or whether he was dreaming of "holding up" Steve for a return bout in California where an enormous gate would have been attracted is questionable. Good as Ketchel was he never could have beaten Langford if the black thunderbolt had wanted to turn on the full fireworks.

If Sam deliberately "saved up" Ketchell it was a case of the "best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," as Bobby Burns said, for it was only a few months later that Steve was shot to death.

Langford started his career as a lightweight in 1902 when he was only sixteen, if the record books can be relied on for the date of his birth. The following year he won decisions from Kid Griffo and Joe Gans. Some of the well known ones whom he knocked out were: 1908, Jim Barry (twice) 2 and 3; Tony Ross, 5; Jim Flynn, 1; 1910, Jim Flynn, 8; Jim Barry, 16; 1911, Jack O'Brien, 5; 1912, Sam McVey, 13 (met McVey 4 times); 1914, Gunboat Smith, 3; Harry Wills, 14; 1916, Wills, 19; Joe Jeannette, 10.

The boxers that he either lost to or drew with and knocked out in a return match were the following:

John Johnson, Andy Watson, "Young" Peter Jackson, Larry Temple, Joe Jeannette, "Black Fitzsimmons," Jim Barry, Tony Ross, Jim Flynn, Sandy Ferguson, Al Kubiak, Jeff Clarke, Tony Caponi, "Porky" Flynn, John Lester Johnson, "Gunboat" Smith, Harry Wills, Sam McVey, "Battling Jim" Johnson, Bill Tate, Bob Devere, Jack Thompson and Lee Anderson.

Langford was born in Weymouth, Nova Scotia, March 4, 1886, according to certain record books, but close friends claim that he is uncertain himself of the date. He fought close to 250 battles and had 90 knockouts. It is worthy of note that three world's champions came from Langford's country—George Dixon, Johnny Coulon and Tommy Burns.

History of Boxing

(*Continued from page 27*)

claimed that he had broken his arm in the fourth round and could go no further. The scientific boxer had triumphed over the slugger.

Neat was thought to be invulnerable by his fellow Bristolians and also by a majority of sporting people throughout the Kingdom.

Spring returned to his old home where he was welcomed royally as the champion of England and presented with a huge cup.

About this time a young Irishman, John Langan, was looming upon the pugilistic horizon. Two of the greatest heavyweight battles in the history of the ring were fought between them before Spring's retirement.

As Langan's history is closely interwoven with the last days of Spring, the Irishman is worthy of more than passing notice, so in the next installment we will tell of this lion-hearted champion.

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Italy	Spalla	Contro	Bruno	Bosisio	Sarboni	(Vacant)	Bosetti	Marzorati
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Switzerland	Clement	Clement	Baechli	Maestrini	Baas	Simeth	(Vacant)	(Vacant)
Europe	Spalla (Italy)	McTigue (Ireland)	Todd (England)	Hobin (Belgium)	Mason (England)	Criqui (France)	Ledoux (France)	Montreuil (Belgium)

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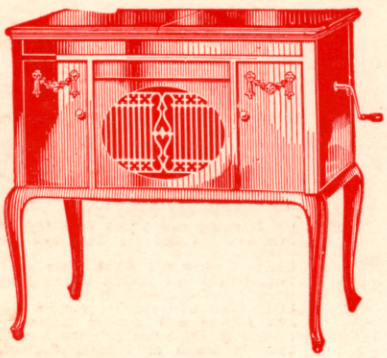

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